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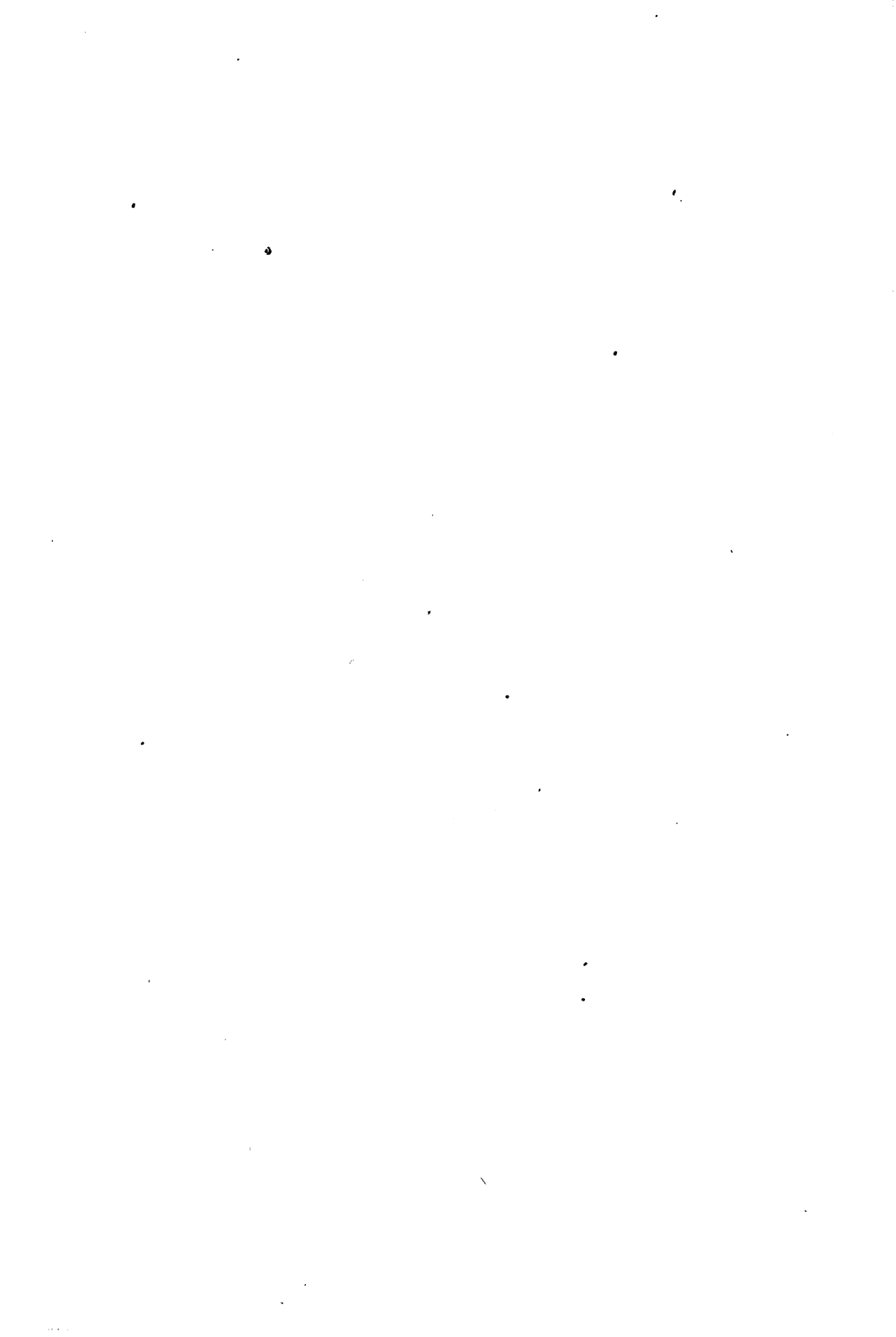
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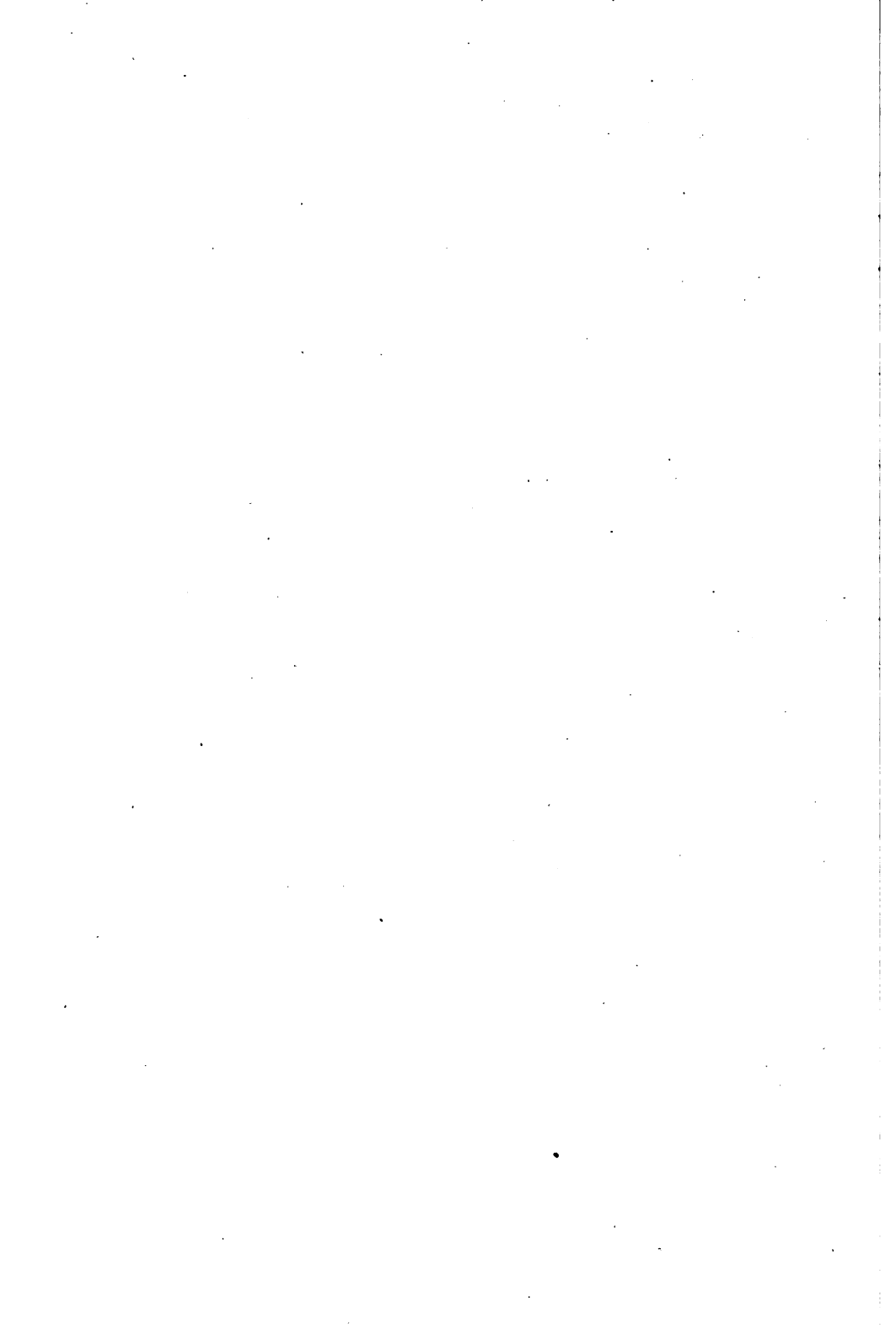
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Alice E. Colter  
February 14, 1907

**THE  
VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS**





° THE  
VALUE of  
CHEERFULNESS

Edited by  
**Mary M. Barrows**

Introduction by  
**Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

**H. M. CALDWELL CO.**  
**BOSTON** ♡ **MCMIV**

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*Fine money*

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## INTRODUCTION

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*Those enlightened Intelligences who watch over the struggling human race must hold in higher regard the man who makes his brothers smile with hope than the one who merely arouses admiration for personal achievements.*

*It is a nobler act to give a fellow mortal food for courage to pursue his journey than by some literary acrobatic feat to arrest his startled attention.*

*I would rather compile a book of optimism than to create a masterpiece of pessimism. One day I read a little story, written by a great literary artist of France, — a man who has since died of melancholia, pursued by the demons of his own creation. It was a wonderfully constructed piece of work — the work of a master-hand ; yet so depressing, so despairing was its tone, that now, after the passage of*

## INTRODUCTION

*years, I cannot think of it without a falling of the spiritual mercury and a sense of discouragement, as subtle as it is uncontrollable.*

*It is a prostitution of talent to send forth such "Works of art."*

*No man, however skilled with sword or gun, has a right to stand upon a public highway flourishing firearms and swords, and calling out to his fellow travellers that danger, destruction, and death await them if they proceed.*

*No man, however skilled with the pen or tongue, has a right to preach despondency, and gloom, and discouragement, and failure to a toiling, striving world. There is much in life to cause depression and discouragement if we do not bring to bear upon circumstances all the hidden powers of the soul.*

*He who helps mankind to develop those powers and to use them is a benefactor to humanity; he is worthy of being called great, though he creates nothing but hope in other souls. The greatness which is merely the power to destroy ideals is not the enduring greatness.*

*The bird that constructs its beautiful nest with nature's materials is greater than the*

## INTRODUCTION

wanton hand that destroys it, though less powerful.

*He who compiles a book of helpful philosophy out of the material provided by other minds does the world a greater service than he who creates an epic of despair.*

*The old gloomy creeds, full of vengeance and cruelty, are being relegated to the back attic of the past. New wholesome creeds of love and kindness are taking their places.*

*With the old creeds, the old, despondent literature must go, — the books which leave their readers with broken ideals, lower estimates of humanity, and lessened courage for the battles of life.*

*In their places we must have the books which arouse ambition, stimulate hope, and renew courage.*

*"The Value of Cheerfulness" is such a book.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



## THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS

---

In the deepest night of trouble and sorrow  
God gives us so much to be thankful for that we  
need never cease our singing. With all our wis-  
dom and foresight we can take a lesson in glad-  
ness and gratitude from the happy bird that  
sings all night, as if the day were not long  
enough to tell its joy.

*Samuel T. Coleridge.*

• • •

The inner side of every cloud  
Is bright and shining;  
I therefore turn my clouds about  
And always wear them inside out—  
To show the lining!

*Anon.*

• • •

Cheerfulness is always a welcome visitor, and  
such a health-giving one, too. Let the spirit of



## THE VALUE OF

good cheer dive beneath the surface, however,  
and show itself in real active kindness as well  
as smiles and good works.

*Frederic W. Barry.*



I have found 'tis good to note  
The blessing that is mine each day;  
For happiness is vainly sought  
In some dim future far away.

*Amelia E. Barr.*



No one can cherish an ideal, and devote himself  
to its realization from year to year, and strive and  
struggle and make sacrifices for its attainment,  
without undergoing a certain gracious transfor-  
mation, of which the highest powers must be  
aware, and which men can hardly miss.

*John White Chadwick.*



Strew gladness on the paths of men;  
You will not pass this way again!

*Anon.*



There is but one happiness — that is Duty.  
There is but one consolation — that is Work.  
There is but one delight — the Beautiful.

*Carmen Sylva.*

## CHEERFULNESS.

It is dangerous to live a pent-up, shut-in life; and, without neglecting the home circle, they who are not forced by circumstances to confine their social life altogether to their home should see much of other people. It is a mistake which tends to narrowness to allow oneself to become too busy with his own affairs and his own home to get any of that kind of growth which the sunshine of social life alone promotes.

*Anon.*

The lover of nature has retained the spirit of infancy into the era of manhood. . . . In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrow.

*Emerson.*

It was just a flitting bird's wing  
Cast the shadow in my room;  
While across my spirit drifted  
A vision touched with gloom.

And a single dying discord  
Spoiled the symphony for you  
Amongst a thousand other notes  
All sweet and rich and true.

But sunlight floods the heavens  
Behind the tiny wing;

## THE VALUE OF

And the symphony can bear you  
Far above the broken string.

*Mary Minerva Barrows.*

• • •  
'Twas only a kiss and a bunch of flow'rs,  
But they came in a sunny way,  
Like balm to the wound in a homesick heart,  
At the close of a weary day.

'Twas only the clasp of a friendly hand,  
And the glance of a kindly light.  
They banished the thought of a sorrowful day,  
And they brightened a pain-spent night.

There's never the clasp of a friendly hand,  
Not a smile, nor a word of cheer,  
Not a kiss, nor a flow'r in His dear name giv'n  
Will be lost when the harvest's here.

*Christian Register.*

• • •  
There is a proverb which talks about being merry and wise. There are some people who can be merry and can't be wise, and some who can be wise (or think they can) and can't be merry. I'm one of the first sort. If the proverb is a good 'un, I suppose it's better to keep to half of it than none; at all events, I'd rather be merry and not wise, than neither one nor t'other.

*Dickens.*

## CHEERFULNESS

He holds the key to all unknown,  
And I am glad;  
If other hands should hold the key,  
Or if he trusted it to me,  
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,  
Without its rest?  
I'd rather He unlocked the day,  
And, as its hours swung open, say:  
"My will is best."

I cannot read his future plans,  
But this I know;  
I have the smiling of his face  
And all the refuge of his grace  
While here below.

Enough! This covers all my needs,  
And so I rest.  
For what I cannot he can see,  
And in his love I e'er shall be  
For ever blest.

*M. D. Babcock, D. D.*



The bird that to the evening sings  
Leaves music when her song is ended—  
A sweetness left, which takes not wings,  
But with each pulse of eve is blended.

## THE VALUE OF

Thus life involves a double light,  
Our acts and words have many brothers;  
The heart that makes its own delight  
Makes also a delight for others.

*Charles Swain.*



Outward things are not in my power; to will  
is in my power. Where shall I seek the good,  
and where the evil? Within me,—in all that  
is my own.

If God had committed some orphan child to  
thee, wouldst thou have neglected it? Now he  
hath given thee to thyself, and saith: "I had  
none other more worthy of trust than thee; keep  
this man such as he was made by nature,—  
reverent, faithful, high, unterrified, unshaken of  
passions, untroubled."

*Epictetus.*



Only a smile from a kindly face,  
On the busy street that day!  
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,  
As the donor went her way.  
But straight to my heart it went speeding,  
To gild the clouds that were there,  
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies,  
I also might take my share.

*George MacDonald.*

## CHEERFULNESS

How welcome would it often be, to many a child of anxiety and toil, to be suddenly transferred from the heat and din of the city, the restlessness and worry of the mart, to the midnight garden or the mountain top! And like refreshment does a high faith, with its infinite prospects ever open to the heart, afford to the worn and weary. No laborious travels are needed for the devout mind, for it carries within it Alpine heights and starlit skies, which it may reach with a moment's thought and feel at once the loneliness of nature and the magnificence of God.

*James Martineau.*



Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.

*Emerson.*



Think every morning when the sun peeps through  
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!  
And when you think of this, remember, too,  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## THE VALUE OF

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
Everything is happy now,  
Everything is upward striving;  
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue.

*James Russell Lowell.*



Learn patience from the lesson,—  
Tho' the night be drear and long,  
To the darkest sorrow there comes a morrow,  
A right to every wrong.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



Just to be happy — 'tis a fine thing to do,  
To look on the bright side rather than the blue.  
Sad or sunny musing, is largely to the choosing,  
And just being happy is brave work, and true.  
Just being happy,—helps other souls along,—  
Their burdens may be heavy, and they not  
strong;  
Your own sky will lighten, if other skies you  
brighten  
With a heart full of song.

*R. D. Saunders.*



Why do we cling to the skirts of sorrow,  
Why do we cloud with care the brow?

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Why do we wait for a glad to-morrow,—  
Why not gladden the precious Now?  
Eden is yours! Would you dwell within it?  
Change men's grief to a gracious smile,  
And thus have heaven here this minute  
And not far-off in the afterwhile.

Find the soul's high place of beauty,  
Not in a man-made book of creeds,  
But where desire ennobles duty  
And life is full of your kindly deeds.  
The bliss is yours! Would you fain begin it?  
Pave with love each golden mile,  
And thus have heaven here this minute  
And not far-off in the afterwhile.

*Nixon Waterman: "When to Be Happy."*



Pessimists are always in the rear, and never in  
the van in the march of progress. Your successful  
men and women are never chronic grumblers.

*Bishop Samuel Fallows.*



Let me but live my life from year to year,  
With forward face and unreluctant soul,  
Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal,  
Not mourning for the things that disappear  
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear



## THE VALUE OF

From what the future veils, but with a whole  
And happy heart, that pays its willing toll  
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,  
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be  
joy;  
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,  
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,  
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,  
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

*Anon.*



Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the slender, delicate threads  
Of our curious life asunder,  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

*Anon.*



## THE CONTENTED HEART

A blush steals o'er the orchard,  
A laugh leaps from the brook,  
A finch trills in the elm-tree  
With a triumphant look.

## CHEERFULNESS

I loiter 'neath those blossoms,  
I linger by the stream,  
My buoyant heart unwilling  
To leave so fair a dream.

But when that bloom is faded,  
And though the brook run dry,  
Summer shall toss me clover,  
Daisy, and butterfly!

And when the pageant's ended  
And winter skies are gray,  
My heart shall dream of summer,  
My soul shall sing of May!

*Mary Minerva Barrows.*



## THE WORDS THAT CHEER

Are you ever discouraged, O fellow man?  
Do you ever feel puny and poor and small?  
Do you ever, while doing the best you can,  
Get to wondering what is the use of it all?  
Oh, isn't it pleasant in such an hour  
To be met by one who has cheerful ways,  
Who approves of your work and admires your  
power,  
Oh, isn't it bracing to hear his praise?

Does doubt ever lodge in your heart, O friend?  
Doubt of your worth and doubt of your wit?

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Does it ever appear that you've come to the end?  
Do you feel sometimes a longing to quit,  
To give up the hope, to accept defeat,  
To sink into rest and pass out of sight?  
In such a dark hour, oh, isn't it sweet  
To be praised for your worth, your work or  
might?

Perhaps you met some one a moment ago  
Who felt, O friend, as you often do,  
Who, had you paused a fair word to bestow,  
Would have gained new strength and new  
courage, too.  
The words of cheer and the words of praise  
That cost so little may have such worth;  
Oh, I wonder why, in our selfish ways,  
We let each other be crushed to earth.

*J. E. Kiser.*



## SHE WAS ALWAYS PLEASANT

To the common, every-day woman, who feels as if she was a nothing in this world, who thinks she has no influence, I will tell you of one thing that will bring blue skies in your own life and will make you a shining light in your community.

In one of the country towns in Northamptonshire, England, there is a graveyard, and on a small stone there is this inscription, after the

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name and date: "She was always pleasant."  
She had not been rich—the stone was small.  
The grave is in a retired part of the graveyard, so  
she could not have been in society, or a prominent woman, but "She was always pleasant."

*Anon.*



I wish—that Sympathy and Love,  
And every human passion  
That has its origin above,  
Would come and keep in fashion;  
That Scorn and Jealousy and Hate,  
And every base emotion,  
Were buried fifty fathoms deep  
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,  
And motives always pure;  
I wish the good were not so few,  
I wish the bad were fewer;  
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot  
To heed their pious teaching;  
I wish that practising was not  
So different from preaching!

I wish—that modest worth might be  
Appraised with truth and candour;  
I wish that innocence were free  
From treachery and slander;

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I wish that men their vows would mind;  
That women ne'er were rovers;  
I wish that wives were always kind,  
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in fine—that Joy and Mirth,  
And every good Ideal,  
May come erewhile throughout the earth  
To be the glorious Real;  
Till God shall every creature bless  
With His Supreme blessing,  
And Hope be lost in Happiness,  
And Wishing in Possessing!

*John G. Saxe.*



Cheer! That's a good word. Don't you like it?  
Cheer! Why, it brings a smile to your lip this  
minute.

How we all love cheer—a cheery, cheerful  
person. It gives the thought at once of activity,  
bustle, and pleasure. You could not fancy a  
cheerful person being an idle one. Why, bless  
your heart, his or her life is too full of doing  
good—of bringing cheer into a life that needs  
the brightness.

I have the picture in my mental vision now  
of just such a cheery person. No, I am not going  
to detail it, for you have the mental picture also,

## CHEERFULNESS

and you may be able to make more of it for yourself than I could for you.

The thought I have in mind to give you is this—it's not new—but it will do you good to hear it once in awhile. Be filled with cheer. Say to yourself, "I am cheer, and everybody loves me, because I love everybody." And so you do. You have not one in all this wide world of whom you think unkindly—no, not one! Has some one done so and so? Has he? Have you had a bitter trial? Well, be of cheer, and mark you, a year from now you will say, "Well, that experience has made me what I am"—a better man—a better woman. Yes, it will. I know.

*Grace Adelaide Kiersted.*



The best way to stop worrying over your own troubles, real and imaginary, is to look around you and find out how many people are worse off than you are—then, maybe, you will feel that things are not so bad with you as you thought. Constant dwelling on your own troubles tends to magnify them, and every time you retail your woes they seem more real to you. Stop this business of pitying yourself so much—this business of saying: "Ah, poor me!" Get out of your sackcloth and ashes, give yourself a good scrubbing to get the ashes off you, and burn up the sackcloth. Then put on your finest raiment

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and sail forth like Solomon in all his glory. If you can't find anything good in your own case, take an interest in some one else's, and thus get your mind off your own.

*W. W. Atkinson.*



There are those who acquire the habit of helping others, of comforting, of adding cheerfulness and strength, wherever they go. To those who thus give much is given in return,—contentment, trust in God, confidence in their fellow men, sweet hopes, peaceful memories.

*James Freeman Clarke.*



You say you're feeling blue, lad?  
That things are going wrong?  
If that's the case for true, lad,  
Cheer up and sing a song.  
You'll find 'twill always pay, lad,  
For all—for me and you  
To play we are the sunshine  
And let the sky be blue.  
When skies are blue and clear, lad,  
The world is at its best:  
Whene'er you drop a tear, lad,  
It saddens all the rest.  
Smile on—don't mind the knocks, lad,  
Just keep your own heart true—

## CHEERFULNESS

Play you're the golden sunshine  
And let the sky be blue.  
When you are feeling blue, lad,  
And half inclined to cry,  
You're at the job—'tis true, lad—  
Intended for the sky.  
The sunshine role sits better  
On husky chaps like you—  
Then be a human sunbeam;  
Let but the sky be blue.

*Anon.*



Give to your enemy forgiveness.  
Give to your opponent tolerance.  
Give to your friend your heart.  
Give to your child a good example.  
Give to your parents deference.  
Give to everybody sunshine.

*Anon.*



## MUSIC IN MY HEART

I've music in my heart, dear love,  
And music all day long;  
It doth to me a comfort prove,  
And makes me blest and strong;  
For when at morn you go to work,  
You leave a smile behind,



## THE VALUE OF

And in that glance a song doth lurk,  
To haunt with joy my mind!

Oh, little seems the fond good-bye,  
And word that then is said,  
Yet music's in the smiling eye,  
For all the ways I tread;  
And just a kiss beside the door,  
With word of greeting strong,  
Will help the heart of rich or poor,  
And give it angel song!

*Anon.*

In ourselves the sunshine dwells,  
From ourselves the music swells;  
By ourselves our life is fed  
With sweet or bitter bread.

*Nixon Waterman.*

Smile, once in awhile,  
'Twill make your heart seem lighter;  
Smile, once in awhile,  
'Twill make your pathway brighter.  
Life's a mirror, if we smile  
Smiles come back to greet us;  
If we're frowning all the while  
Frowns for ever meet us.

*Nixon Waterman.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Because she smiled he went away  
Brave-hearted to his work that day;  
His petty cares were all forgot,  
He hurried on with one glad thought,  
His task became joy-giving play.  
He did not know the sky was gray,  
To him the world was bright and gay;  
By splendid hopes his breast was sought,  
Because she smiled.

She smiled as any woman may  
While letting fancy freely stray;  
She smiled at him, yet saw him not,  
And lo! a miracle was wrought —  
A man was made from hopeless clay  
Because she smiled.

*J. E. Kiser.*



To possess character is to be useful, and to be  
useful is to be independent, and to be useful and  
independent is to be happy, even in the midst  
of sorrow; for sorrow is not necessarily un-  
happiness.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*



Talk happiness!  
Not now and then, but every  
Blessed day,  
Even if you don't believe

## THE VALUE OF

The half of what  
You say;  
There's no room here for him  
Who whines as on his  
Way he goes;  
Remember, son, the world is  
Sad enough without  
Your woes.

Talk happiness each chance  
You get — and  
Talk it good and strong;  
Look for it in  
The byways as you grimly  
Plod along;  
Perhaps it is a stranger now  
Whose visit never  
Comes;  
But talk it! Soon you'll find  
That you and Happiness  
Are chums.

*anon.*

• • •  
They might not need me —  
Yet they might —  
I'll let my heart be  
Just in sight.

A smile so small  
As mine might be

## CHEERFULNESS

Precisely their  
Necessity.

*Emily Dickinson.*



It is easy enough to be happy  
When life flows by like a song,  
But the man worth while  
Is the man with a smile,  
When everything goes dead wrong.

*Anon.*



Did you tackle that trouble that came your way  
With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day  
With a craven soul and fearful?  
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
Or a trouble is what you make it,  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,  
But only how did you take it.

*Anon.*



If you had asked her about her accomplishments,  
she would have told you that she had  
none, and would have been quite sincere in her  
answer. She did not know how to play the  
piano, and she had never tried her hand at water-

## THE VALUE OF

colours or crayon sketching. She had never found time for embroidery. She got off the key when she tried to sing. In fact, one might run through the list of what are called accomplishments without naming one at which she was expert.

Yet this sunny-faced, sweet-voiced girl had one accomplishment which outweighed all those she lacked. Wherever she went gloomy faces grew cheerful. You have seen drooping plants freshen at the touch of the summer rain — and it seemed as if her presence revived drooping hearts in very much the same manner. She was a happiness-maker. Children stopped fretting when she came near. Old people came back from dreams of the past and found the present sweet. Without being wise or witty or beautiful, there was an atmosphere of peace about her like the fragrance of a flower. Her smile had the comforting warmth of sunshine. The tones of her glad young voice stirred the heart like a song.

*Anon.*



With the sun o'erhead, your song of praise  
Like the lark to heaven mounts,  
But how will you sing in the rainy days?  
For that is what really counts.

*Langdon Ballinger.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Keep step with the times; keep sympathy with young hearts; keep in touch with every new-born enterprise of charity, and in line with the marchings of God's providence. Ten minutes of chat or play with a grandchild may freshen you more than an hour spent with an old companion or over an old book.

*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

As there are vast underground rivers in many parts of the world, broader and deeper and of more majestic sweep than any Mississippi or Amazon, streams which men may often tap and bring to the surface in ever-flowing artesian wells, so there is an undercurrent of happiness in this universe, and if we connect our lives with it, our joy is perennial; there shall be within us then a well of water, springing up not only unto everlasting life, but to everlasting happiness. This undercurrent of happiness, or, rather,—let us give it its nobler name,—of blessedness, is God.

*Francis E. Clark, D. D.*

This day will I cast off the coil  
Of aging worry and of toil,  
And seek the soothing soul-caress  
Of Idleness.

## THE VALUE OF

For sometimes it is well to be  
Both body-free and spirit-free,  
To own no gyve, no cincturing wall,  
No thrall at all.

The harper wind strides o'er the hill;  
His truant will I make my will;  
Two jovial comrades, forth we hie  
Beneath the sky.

We loiter; who shall cry us "nay"?  
We hasten; who shall bid us stay?  
By stream or woodland-side we brood,  
As suits our mood.

And, ah, the golden grain I reap  
From this one long, from this one deep  
Day-dwelling, in the dream-duress  
Of Idleness!

I slough the husk of discontent,  
And feel no longer hedged and pent;  
I look on all that round me lies  
With saner eyes.

I gather from the bounteous earth  
A quiet joy, an inner mirth;  
And life, where'er I pass along,  
Seems set to song.

*Clinton Scollard.*

## CHEERFULNESS

My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That, after last, returns the first,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

*Robert Browning.*

What's de use o' groanin'  
'Cause de clouds is black?  
All yo silly moanin'  
Nevah push 'em back.  
Troubles may be comin',  
Comin' in a heap;  
Jes' yo keep a-hummin',  
Hum you'se'f to sleep.

What's de use o' grumblin'  
W'en de groun' is wet?  
T'undah may be rumblin',  
Don' yo' nevah fret.  
Storm'll soon be ovah,  
Flowahs bloomin' fine,  
Crops'll be in clovah,  
W'en de sun does shine.

What's de use o' shoutin',  
Gettin' sort o' mad?



## THE VALUE OF

T'ings dat set yo' poutin'  
Makin' othahs glad.  
Wouldn't it be lonely,  
Tell me squar' and true,  
Ef de worl' was only  
Made fur me an' you?

*Anon.*



Life might be much easier and simpler than we make it; the world might be a happier place than it is; there is no need of struggles, convulsions, despairs, of the wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth. We miscreate our own evils.

*Emerson.*



Through lanes of the faded heather,  
O'er graves of the withered leaves,  
In the face of the autumn weather,  
From the fields of the absent sheaves,  
I pass to the darkening winter,  
And have not fear nor pain,  
For the life of the world abideth,  
And the spring will come again.

Dear heart that is growing weary,  
Let not thy faith decay;  
Some days of the year are dreary,  
But the fogs will pass away.

## CHEERFULNESS

Ever the sun shines somewhere,  
Over the land and sea;  
Be strong in thy faith and courage —  
There are summers yet for thee.

*Marianne Farningham.*



When God shall leave unfinished, incomplete,  
A single flake within the whirl of snow,  
A single feather in the airy wing  
On which the butterfly floats to and fro,  
A single vein within the summer leaf,  
A single drop of water in the sea,  
Then — not before — doubt that his perfect plan  
Within the humblest life fulfilled can be.

*Priscilla Leonard.*



Honest good humour is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

*Washington Irving.*



Many people in ordinary circumstances are millionaires of cheerfulness. They make their neighbourhood brighter, happier, and a better place to live in by their presence; they raise the value of every lot for blocks around them.

## THE VALUE OF

The world is beginning to see that people who can radiate sunshine and carry gladness and good cheer wherever they go, although they may be poor, are of infinitely greater value to society than the millionaire of money, who pauperizes everything he touches, and everybody who comes in contact with him, by his close, contemptible methods.

Largeness of heart and generosity of soul make millionaires of character who are worth more to the world than mere moneyed millionaires.

The time will come in the progress of the world when we shall not have to depend on rich furnishings, costly tapestries, and gold plate. Character will become so enriched in the upward growth of the world that the surroundings, however costly, will be considered but a cheap setting of a precious life-stone. Cheerfulness is a potent factor of success.

*Anon.*



The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is a guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.

*Emerson.*



There are hurts that must be bravely bound up, and weak places patiently strengthened once

## CHEERFULNESS

more. But it is in these fresh beginnings that much of life's discipline lies, much of the testing of our real determination and loyalty. There is no virtue in being defeated, but there is virtue and courage, too, in refusing to remain defeated.

*Anon.*



To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.

*Sir John Lubbock.*



## A HOMELY PHILOSOPHER

The craps is all gethered, I reckon;  
Hain't made a good show fer the fall;  
But what's the use sighin',  
An' wailin', an' cryin' ?  
Thank God, thar's enough fer us all!

We've lost some on cotton, I reckon,  
An' taters air powerful small;  
But what's the use sighin' ?  
The fritters air fryin',  
An' thar's jest 'bout enough fer us all!

## THE VALUE OF

We'll pull through the winter, I reckon;  
We never have gone to the wall;  
So, put on the griddle,  
An' tune up the fiddle —  
Thar's room in the quadrille fer all!

*Frank L. Stanton.*

The palm is the emblem of conquest. This multitude "whom no man could number," comprising every nation and every tongue, bear palms in their hands. What have they conquered? Self. Each has dethroned self that he may crown his brother. By love they serve one another.

*J. H. Jowett.*

A faithful friend is the medicine of life. There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.

*Anon.*

The Master, with the shadow of the cross falling on his soul, was comforted by a woman's insight and a woman's love. Her own heart taught her the secret of sacrifice; her heart anticipated the longing for sympathy, and so beautiful in its grace and spiritual delicacy was her

## CHEERFULNESS

act that Jesus declared it would be told to her praise wherever the gospels were read.

For ever this friend of man, hungering for love and friendship, passes down the path of life, and knocks at the door of the heart. Blessed are they who hear his voice and give him welcome, who are not ashamed of him or of his cause, who serve him with their best, and pour upon his head the riches of their love.

*John Watson.*



God will ever be doing new things. He is for ever active. He has purposes concerning me which he has not unfolded. Therefore, each year grows sacred with wondering expectation. Therefore, I and the world may go forth from each old year into the new which follows it, certain that in that new year God will have for us some new treatment which will open for us some novel life.

*Phillips Brooks.*



It is the struggle, and not the attainment, that measures character and foreshadows destiny. Character is not determined by faults and weaknesses and periodic phases of life, nor by limitations and accidents of present existence; but by the central purpose, the inmost desire of the

## THE VALUE OF

heart. If that be turned toward God and his righteousness, it must at last bring us thither.

*Dr. Munger.*



Oh, how hard it is to die, and not be able to leave the world any better for one's little life in it.

*Abraham Lincoln.*



When you find yourselves overpowered, as it were, by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody.

*Kebble.*



Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also; and to be happy is the first step to being pious.

*R. L. Stevenson.*



This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good.

*Browning.*



Desire joy and thank God for it. Renounce it, if need be, for others' sake. That's joy beyond joy.

*Browning.*

## CHEERFULNESS

A woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator second only to God.

*Helen Hunt Jackson.*



There is a world within and this is the greater world. If you want a really lovely world without, you must make the world within bright and lovely.

*David Gregg.*



That things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.

*George Elliot.*



"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying, "I will not forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills.

*Beecher's Life Thoughts.*



## THE VALUE OF

They who imagine that self-denial intrenches upon our liberty do not know that it is this only that can make us free indeed, giving us the victory over ourselves, setting us free from the bondage of our corruption, enabling us to bear afflictions (which will come one time or other), to foresee them without amazement, enlightening the mind, sanctifying the will and making us to slight those baubles which others so eagerly contend for.

*Sacra Privata.*



It is not things, but opinions about the things, that trouble mankind. When, therefore, we are worried or troubled, or grieved, never let us blame any other than ourselves; that is to say, our opinions.

*Epictetus.*



The comfortable and comforting people are those who look upon the bright side of life, gathering its roses and sunshine and making the most that happens seem the best.

*Dorothy Dix.*



You have the child's character in these four things, — humility, faith, charity, and cheerful-

## CHEERFULNESS

ness. That is what you have got to be converted to. "Except ye be converted and become as little children." You hear much in these days of conversion, but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight and childlikeness.

*Ruskin.*

• • •

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They return from a journey, greet their families with a distant dignity and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments.

There is hardly a more unnatural sight than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in Nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial and fraternal love.

*Mrs Mulock.*

## THE VALUE OF

When, in the silence of the midnight hour,  
We wakeful lie, ofttimes the Spirit deigns  
To visit us—as when on thirsty plains  
Falls the cool grace of a refreshing shower,  
Making the desert places bloom and flower.  
Then, from the long ago, come back to mind  
Great, simple thoughts too often left behind  
In the fierce strife for fortune, fame, or power—  
Truths we have learned in childhood, but  
outgrown  
In manhood's years, a selfish struggle given.  
Ah, give us, Lord, a childlike heart that we  
May know that in these simple truths alone  
Lie all the joy of earth and hope of heaven—  
The kinship of the human soul with thee.

*Wm. Pierson Merrill.*



Think of life, how short it is; how much unavoidable bitterness it possesses, how much which it is easy either to bear or to chase away; and think how the power of affection can make all things right! Tremble before the chains of selfishness; free thyself from them by a new sacrifice of love and purify the heaven of home. Ascending clouds can easily expand into destructive tempest, or disperse and leave not a trace in the air. Oh! chase them hence with the powerful breath of love.

*Miss Bremer.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Few delights can equal the mere presence of one whom we trust utterly.

*George Macdonald.*

We ought to measure our actual lot and to fulfil it; to be with all our strength that which our lot requires and allows. What is beyond it is no calling of ours. How much peace, quiet, confidence, and strength would people attain if they would go by this plain rule.

*H. E. Manning.*

"It's a beautiful picture," we said of a treasure that hung on a friend's wall.

"Ye—s," she answered with a note of reservation in her voice and a look of dissatisfaction upon her face. "Yes, I was delighted with it at first; it was something rare then, that style of work. But they are bringing in so many cheap pictures done in the same way now that one has to look closely to see any difference, and it has somewhat spoiled this one for me."

Yet the picture held the same restful scene, the same soft finish and delicate colouring which had always been its beauty. Why should a mere money value affect its charm? Some of the cheaper ones were beautiful also, as she said, but they were cheap and that spoiled them.

## THE VALUE OF

There are many to whom beauty must be high-priced and exclusive, or it is not beauty at all. They rave over the wonderful views of the Alps, but never bestow a second glance at the glory of the sunset from their own door. They "adore music" as represented by an expensive seat at a crowded and fashionable concert, but are deaf to the song of birds and brooks, the murmur of wind-swept trees or the ripple of childish laughter. The true lover of beauty discerns it wherever it is and loves it for itself and not for its market value.

*Anon.*



The most obvious lesson of the gospel is, that there is no happiness in having and getting, only in giving.

*Henry Drummond.*



To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.

*William Austin.*



Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

*Sir Robert Grant.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Some people mean to have a good time when their hard work is done—say, at fifty. Others plan to enjoy themselves when their children are grown up. Others mean to take their pleasure when they get to be rich or when their business is built upon a sure foundation or the farm is paid for or the grind of some particular sorrow is overpast.

Such persons might as well give up ever having a good time. The season of delight, which is so long waited and hoped for, too rarely comes. Disease, poverty, death claim each his victims. The lives of those whom we love, or our own, go out, and what is left?

Then take your pleasure to-day, while there is yet time. Things may not be in the best shape for that visit you have been so long planning to your only sister. It might be better if you could wait till you had a more stylish suit of clothes or till the boy was at home from college to look after the place; but she is ready now. You are both growing old—you had better go.

John drives round with the horse. "Jump in, mother," he says. "It is a lovely day. You need the fresh air." Don't say, "I can't go—I was intending to make some cakes," or "My dress isn't changed." Put on your warm coat, tie a veil around your hat and take your ride. If you don't take such things when you can

## THE VALUE OF

get them, they are apt to be missing when you want them again.

Don't say, "I shall be glad when that child is grown up! What quantities of trouble he makes!" No — enjoy his cunning ways — revel in his affectionate hugs and kisses — they will not be so plentiful by and by. Enjoy his childhood. It will look sweet to you when it is gone for ever.

Enjoy the littles of every day. The great favours of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys, that are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure every sunbeam and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.

*Family Friend.*



Remember, when the timid light  
Through the enchanted halls of dawn is  
streaming;  
Remember, when the pensive night  
Beneath her silvery veil walks dreaming;  
When pleasure calls thee and thy heart beats high  
When tender joys through evening shades draw  
nigh,  
Hark from the woodland deeps  
A gentle whisper creeps —  
Remember!

## CHEERFULNESS

Remember, when the hand of fate  
My life from thine for evermore has parted;  
When sorrow, exile and the weight  
Of lonely years have made me heavy-hearted;  
Think of my loyal love, my last adieu;  
Absence and time are naught, if we are true;  
Long as my heart shall beat  
To thine it will repeat —  
Remember!

Remember, when the cool, dark tomb  
Receives my heart into its quiet keeping,  
And some sweet flower begins to bloom  
Above the place where I am sleeping;  
Ah, then my face thou never more shall see,  
But still my soul will linger close to thee,  
And in the holy peace of night  
The litany of love recite —  
Remember!

*From the French, by Henry Van Dyke.*



Of all æsthetic sentiments love of nature possesses the advantage of being the one which, even though pushed to excess, does not disturb the equilibrium of body and mind. Love of nature is the sole emotion which is absolutely hygienic. One may die of an exaggerated love of music, etc; one simply becomes healthy from an exaggerated love of nature. Air and light! The





## THE VALUE OF

Greeks were right to philosophize in the open air, in the gardens and groves. A ray of sunlight sometimes helps one more to understand the world than an eternity of meditation in some gray room. The emotion that arises from the contemplation of a landscape, of a sunset, of a stretch of blue sea, of a snow-capped mountain, or even the blue dome of the sky itself, is absolutely pure, neither too depressing nor too immoderately gay. In the presence of nature one's æsthetic sensibilities become the means of refreshing and resting one, instead of fatiguing one, and, if nature has its moods of sadness, they contain a touch of the infinite which enlarges the heart. The immensity of nature and of the all-enveloping heavens becomes, for those who feel it, a constant source of stoical serenity.

● ● ● *Great Thoughts.*

Never, though years are lonely, need hearts be  
sad;  
For deeper than grief is the blessing that makes  
life glad.  
To peace that flows as a river is there anything  
deeper to add?

Though the world is ever changing, yet all its  
changes tend,  
Under the love that leads us on to a destined  
end

## **CHEERFULNESS**

Where the worker shall find his task and the  
friend shall hold his friend.

Nothing shall thwart God's purpose; nothing  
shall rob man's heart,  
In that ultimate joy of living, of his allotted  
part,  
Save faithless days and cruel pride and the tempt-  
er's hateful art.

To share in the children's mirth, to strengthen  
hearts that grieve,  
To give to the bounty of God, and with grateful  
love receive,  
To search with eager eyes, yet with quiet heart  
believe;

Unspoiled by love of earth, to count God's pres-  
ence best,  
Yet taste life's pure delights with fresh, un-  
wearied zest,  
This is the favour of God, that deepens on toward  
rest.

Welcome is mirth and singing, but ever the heart  
returns  
To the joy of its expectation, the peace it afar  
discerns,  
Where the light of love for the creature in the  
face of the Maker burns.

*Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

## THE VALUE OF

Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling. . . . As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

*R. L. Stevenson.*



Have hope. Though clouds environ now  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but hath its morn.

*Schiller.*



"Tell me not of your doubts and discouragements," said Goethe, "I have plenty of my own. But talk to me of your hope and faith." The tone of complaint is one which we are all too ready to accept, and which is not only injurious to ourselves, but hurtful to all who come in contact with us. In speaking of a young woman who had filled several good positions, but with no degree of success, an elder woman said: "She could have kept either position and earned a good income if she had not been so dissatisfied. She was continually finding fault, and never felt that she was appreciated."

It may be safely said that this attitude of mind is one that almost predetermines failure in any line of work. Patience under adverse circum-

## CHEERFULNESS

stances will often bring about favourable results, while complaint only accentuates and fixes the cause of complaint. Avoid mention of the disagreeable things that may come into your life. If you cannot be patient, you can at least be silent. The secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say as in what to avoid saying.

*Anon.*



Many of the misfits and failures in both the spiritual and the material of life are due to doing the right thing—but just a little too soon or a little too late.

*Anon.*



Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.

*Mrs. Besant.*



“When school is out, I shall go home,” she said,  
“And all my heartache will be comforted.”

“When school is out,” she said, “once more I’ll  
rest  
My tired head upon my mother’s breast,”

## THE VALUE OF

And feel her tender cheek against it pressed,  
And there, at last, I shall find perfect rest."

"When school is out," she said, "I know I'll  
meet —

Dancing for joy along the golden street —  
My little child, my babe so stainless sweet,  
Who went to heaven before his dimpled feet  
Had ever learned in earthly paths to go,  
Nor pressed the violets, nor trod the snow!  
Oh, I will clasp him close, and I shall know  
Those kisses that I taught him long ago!"

"Life's weary lessons are all learned," she said,  
"And school is out." We bent — and she was  
dead.

*British, Deeply.*

To stand with a smile upon your face, against  
a stake from which you cannot get away — that,  
no doubt, is heroic. But true glory is not resig-  
nation to the inevitable. To stand unchained,  
with perfect liberty to go away, held only by the  
higher claims of duty, and let the fire creep up  
to the heart — this is heroism.

*F. W. Robertson.*

In the midst of the wildest storms, the ear that  
is attuned to His love can hear above the fury

## CHEERFULNESS

of the tempest the bird-notes that herald the passing of the clouds. The way will be rough at times, but if His "will be done" in our hearts we will forget the way we came when the hand of our guide leads us at last into the gates of the city of the King.

*Anon.*

There is never a sky of winter  
To the heart that sings alway;  
Never a night but hath stars to light,  
And dreams of a rosy day.

The world is ever a garden  
Red with the bloom of May;  
And never a stormy morning  
To the heart that sings alway!

*Frank L. Stanton.*

There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow;  
There's a midnight blackness changing  
Into gray;  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

*Charles Mackay.*

## THE VALUE OF

I do verily believe that the world will come, finally, to understand that God paints the clouds and shapes the moss-fibres, that men may be happy in seeing him at his work, and that in resting quietly beside him, and watching his working, and—according to the power he has communicated to ourselves, and the guidance he grants—in carrying out his purposes of peace and charity among all his creatures, are the only real happinesses that ever were, or will be, possible to mankind.

*John Ruskin.*



Next to happiness I place vision as one of the most desirable of earthly blessings. By vision I mean ability to detect the real meaning of life, the power to see that behind the processes of nature and the movements of history, are intelligence and love—that God is in his world.

Some walk through forests glorious in colour, rich in beauty, tremulous with perfume and thrilling with vitality, and think only of the amount of timber they contain; others look upon the rushing waters of a mighty river and think only of the power wasted there which might be utilized to run machinery; still others mingle with their fellows and think only how they may be used for selfish purposes. But some, with clearer sight, walk in the same forests and hear a various

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music thrilling and throbbing with an indwelling God; they see divine power and providence in the watercourses, while to their thought every man is a revelation of the Father of all.

To one this world is simply a place to live in and his fellow men mere tools to be used; to the other this universe is aflame with the Deity and every man potentially divine. The first observers were blind; the second have vision — and those who have vision are most frequently those who, by living with open minds and loving hearts, have come to see what earlier was hidden from them. The wine of vision is usually provided toward the close of the feast of life.

*Amory H. Bradford, D. D.*



Dear, restless heart, be still! Don't fret and  
worry so;  
God hath a thousand ways his love and help to  
show:  
Just trust and trust and trust until his will you  
know.

Dear, restless heart, be still; for peace is God's  
own smile,  
His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile.  
Just love and love and love and calmly wait  
awhile.





## THE VALUE OF

Dear, restless heart, be brave! Don't moan and  
sorrow so.

He hath a meaning kind in the chilly winds that  
blow.

Just hope and hope and hope until you braver  
grow.

Dear, restless heart, repose upon his heart an  
hour.

His heart is strength and life, his heart is bloom  
and flower.

Just rest and rest and rest within his tender  
power.

Dear, restless heart, be still! Don't toil and hurry  
so;

God is the Silent One, for ever calm and slow.

Just wait and wait and wait and work with him  
below.

Dear, restless heart, be still! Don't struggle to  
be free.

God's life is in your life; from him you may not  
flee.

Just pray and pray and pray till you have faith to  
see.

*Edith Willis Linn.*

This is the best day the world has ever seen.  
To-morrow will be better.

*R. A. Campbell.*

## CHEERFULNESS

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate—those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useful encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

*Samuel Johnson.*



We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every person has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in

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their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain; and earth will become like heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.

There is a story of a German baron who made a great Aeolian harp by stretching wires from tower to tower of his castle. When the harp was ready he listened for the music. But it was in the calm of summer, and in the still air the wires hung silent. Autumn came, with its gentle breezes, and there were faint whispers of song. At length the winter winds swept over the castle, and now the harp answered in majestic music.

Such a harp is the human heart. It does not yield its noblest music in the summer days of joy, but in the winter of trial. The sweetest songs on earth have been sung in sorrow. The richest things in character have been reached through pain.

*Anon.*



Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And reap a harvest-home of light.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated painter, used to say: "I only look at the best pictures; a bad one spoils my eye."

The way to rise above the disappointment is to fix our eyes not on others' or our own failures, but on the mark, and press toward that.

*H. W. Foote.*



All God's pleasures are simple ones; health, the rapture of a May morning, sunshine, the stream blue and green, kind words, benevolent acts, the glow of good humour.

*F. W. Robertson.*



A laugh is just like music,  
It lingers in the heart,  
And where its melody is heard,  
The ills of life depart;  
And happy thoughts come crowding  
Its joyful notes to greet;  
A laugh is just like music  
For making living sweet.

*Anon.*



To be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are

## THE VALUE OF

apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot; if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is no shame, but being discontented with it is. In some things the poor are better off than the rich; for if a poor man has to seek meat for his stomach, he is more likely to get what he is after than the rich man who seeks a stomach for his meat. It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness. It is not the quantity of our goods, but the blessing of God on what we have that makes us truly rich.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*



Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

*Goldsmith.*



Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;

Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud;

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands;

Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;

For man is man and master of his fate.

*Tennyson.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Speed only joyful messages  
Along the spirit-track;  
Sweet thoughts sent o'er that airy line  
Bring sweet thoughts back.

*Mary F. Butts.*



All who have meant good work with their  
whole hearts, have done good work, although  
they may die before they have time to sign it.

*R. L. Stevenson.*



The dark hath many dear avails;  
The dark distils divinest dews;  
The dark is rich with nightingales,  
With dreams, and with the heavenly Muse.

*Sidney Lanier.*



Some people seem to rake up all the sorrows  
of the past; to them they add the burdens of  
the present; then they look ahead and anticipate  
a great many more trials than they will ever  
experience in the future.

*Dwight L. Moody.*



When we learn that it is a matter of economy  
never to rehearse the symptoms of disease, never

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to get angry, never to cherish ill-will, revengeful or unforgiving thoughts, never to make enemies, but always to be charitable and friendly, kind, good-natured, and hopeful, we shall not need to be told how we caused our own dis-ease; nor shall we need to say, "I will not think these wrong thoughts any more," for they will die out of themselves.

*Horatio W. Dresser.*

Why shadow the beauty of sea or of land  
With a doubt or a fear?  
God holds all the swift-rolling worlds in his  
hand,  
And sees what no man can as yet understand,  
That out of life here,  
With its smile and its tear,  
Comes forth into light, from Eternity planned,  
The soul of good cheer.  
Don't worry —  
The end shall appear.

*Elizabeth Porter Gould.*

Be useful where thou livest, that they may both  
want and wish thy pleasing presence still. Kind-  
ness, good parts, great places are the way to com-  
pass this. Find out men's want and will and meet  
them there.

*George Herbert.*

## CHEERFULNESS

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never to believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.

*Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*



Nothing can lessen the dignity of humanity so long as the religion of love, of unselfishness and of devotion endures, and none can destroy the altars of this faith for us so long as we feel ourselves capable of love.

*Amiel's Journal.*



We shall be glad—really glad—of everything that has come to us, no matter if it is sorrow or pain, when we find that our experience fits some one's else need—that some one else can build on our lives.

*Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D.*



"If I should die, John, I suppose you would spend a great deal of money for flowers."

"Why, yes, Anna; but whatever put that into your head?"

"Oh, nothing, only I thought that ten-dollar



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wreaths and fifty-dollar anchors wouldn't make any difference to me when I'm dead, and just a little flower now and then while I'm living would mean so much to me."

"Just a little flower, now and then, while I'm living." The reply of the young wife is eloquent of the heart-hunger of thousands.

Why do we withhold the appreciative word, the loving look, the fervent hand-clasp until the pulses are stilled, the eyes closed, the ears unheeding? Why wait until flowers can no longer give pleasure to shower them upon our near and dear ones?

*Anon.*



No use to hunt the happy days —  
They're with you all the time;  
They're loafin' with you 'long the ways  
An' singin' in a rhyme.  
No use to search the world around  
An' think they're far and fleet;  
The brightest of 'em still are found  
In violets at your feet.

*Atlanta Constitution.*



O ever-earnest sun!  
Unwearied in thy work,  
Unhalting in thy course,

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Unlingering in thy path,  
Teach me thy earnest ways,  
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and  
praise.

O ever-earnest stars!  
Unchanging in your light,  
Unfaltering in your race,  
Unswerving in your round,  
Teach me your earnest ways  
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and  
praise.

O ever-earnest earth!  
Doing thy Maker's work,  
Fulfilling his great will,  
With all thy morns and evens  
Teach me thy earnest ways,  
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and  
praise.

O ever-earnest sea!  
Constant in flow and ebb,  
Heaving to moon and sun,  
Unchanging in thy change,  
Teach me thy earnest ways,  
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and  
praise.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## THE VALUE OF

What is it? What name shall I call this thing  
That tugs at my heart, that warms and thrills  
With its message of joy from the heavenward  
hills;

That speaks its peace to a world at strife  
And informs my soul with its life of life?  
Is it love? Is it spring?

Afar and anear there is talk of God,  
And pressing my face to the good green sod  
I hear, in a measureless harmony,  
The germ in the clod and the sap in the tree;  
Infinite murmurings, whisperings sweet,  
Love in its fulness and trust complete.

Then I know in my heart that the thing I hear,  
That trembles and pants in its prisoned stress,  
Is a voice that cries in the wilderness,  
Through its myriad channels proclaiming near  
The Lord whom the forest hath long foretold.  
As the rue sings praise from its pinch of  
mold

I will face me my world and away with fear,  
For the glad earth sings: It is God — he is here!

*Edward Mayhew Bacon.*



When goldenrod lines every hedge and lane,  
What matters if the fields are brown in rain?  
Where violets were, a purple aster grows.

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And why should one regret a faded rose?  
What if the nest we watched deserted swings,  
A meadow-lark a-down the pasture sings.  
And when the leaves are falling thick and fast,  
They are the brighter that they cannot last;  
For even in the coming winter days,  
The promise of another summer stays.

*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*



Life is short and we have never too much time  
for gladdening the hearts of those who are travel-  
ling the dark way with us! Oh, be swift to love!  
Make haste to be kind!

The flowers of youth may fade, but the summer,  
the autumn, and even the winter of human exist-  
ence have their majestic grandeur, which the wise  
man recognizes and glorifies.

*Amiel.*



The great secret of success in life is to be ready  
when your opportunity comes.

*Lord Beaconsfield.*



Enthusiasm springs from hope, and for hope  
there must be a manly heart, there must be cour-  
age.

Power dwells with cheerfulness; hope puts us  
in a working mood, whilst despair is no muse  
and untunes the active powers.

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A considerable part of what we receive, is not what we receive, but the gratitude that grows out of it, and the blessing which follows the expression of that gratitude.

*Anon.*



There is no finer chemistry than that by which the element of suffering is so compounded with spiritual forces that it issues to the world as gentleness and strength.

*George J. Merriam.*



Abundant joy and comfort in thy sorrow;  
A faith that asks not when nor where nor how;  
A gladsome day—there never comes "To-morrow,"

For each it is an ever-present "Now."  
And so I wish thee one long day of sweetness,  
With inward peace that nothing can impair;  
Each trial touching not its calm completeness  
But making life more earnest, real and fair.

*Caroline Ticknor.*



I wonder if we realize how much of our ordinary talk consists of criticism? There is no doubt that it is immensely interesting to watch people, to study their characters and ways, and to communicate our impressions about them to others.

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Take away the element of personal criticism and conversation, one must admit, would lose a good deal of its interest. Yet is it not a little disturbing sometimes to reflect, after leaving a house where you have been entertained for half an hour by sprightly and witty comments on mutual acquaintances, that in all probability your own personality is furnishing a text for a similar entertainment with the next group of callers?

After all it is better to be kindly than to be amusing; it is better to pass over a good deal that does not quite commend itself to us (so long as no principle is involved) than to be always making a fight for one's own way of doing things at the cost of friction and disagreement. Hundreds of years before the Christian era, when an Eastern poet wished to sum up his impressions of perfect womanhood, he closed his ideal portrait with these words: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

*Anon.*



The clouds have a silver lining,  
Don't forget;  
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;  
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,  
Just bide a wee and dinna fret.

*Anon.*

## THE VALUE OF

Such a heart I'd bear in my bosom  
That, threading the crowded street,  
My face should shed joy unlooked for  
On every poor soul I meet;  
And such wisdom should crown my forehead  
That, coming where councils stand,  
I should carry the thoughts of justice  
And stablish the weal of the land.

*Julia Ward Howe.*

• • •

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is most unfaltering.

*W. E. Channing.*

• • •

Our business is not to build quickly, but to build upon a right foundation and in a right spirit. Life is more than a mere competition as between man and man; it is not who can be done first, but who can work best; it is not who can rise highest in the shortest time, but who is working most patiently and lovingly in accordance with the designs of God.

*Joseph Parker.*

## CHEERFULNESS

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you'll find it not,  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen!  
No, nor with eloquent word or thought  
From mouth of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart —  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part —  
Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave!  
But oh, these battles, they last so long —  
From babyhood to the grave.

*Joaquin Miller.*



Feeling is a poor guide of conduct. A large share of our duty is the doing of what we do not feel like doing, and the not doing that which we do feel like doing. If a boy or man is set to a task within his ability, it is no excuse for his failure to do it that he did not feel like doing it. No court would acquit a prisoner of guilt on the ground that he felt like stealing. A man may, at



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times, write well or preach well or sing well or perform well on a musical instrument, or fight well in the hour of battle while he feels like it, but most men have to do those things when they do not feel like it. The world's best work is done by those who are not, at the time, under the influence of impelling and controlling feeling in that direction. If you feel like doing a thing, or like not doing it, consider whether you ought to do it or ought not to do it, in spite of your feeling, and then be guided by your duty rather than by your feeling. It may be to your discredit that you cannot feel like doing what you ought to do, but it is never an excuse for your not doing it.

*Great Thoughts.*



Talk happiness. The world is sad enough  
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;  
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,  
And speak of these to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

*anon.*



Allus keep a-lookin' out  
Fer th' silver linin';  
Pick yer path erlong thru life  
Wher' th' sun is shinin'.

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Never try t' see how much  
Trubble you kin borrow;  
Sky thet's dark t'-day may be  
Bright an' blue t'-morrow.

Ef yu've skazely got th' stren'th  
Fer th' load yer bearin',  
Rest a bit wher' poseys nod  
'Long the road yer farin'.

When you feel th' prick o' pain  
Frum each thorn an' thissel,  
Push on wher' th' path is smooth;  
Sec ef you can't whissel.

Allus do th' best you kin;  
Keep yer heart-lights shinin';  
Allus keep a-lookin' out  
Fer th' silver linin'.

*anon.*

•   •   •  
The bread that bringeth strength I want to give  
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;  
I want to help the fainting day by day:  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,  
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.  
Beauty for ashes may I give alway;  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

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I want to give good measure running o'er,  
And into angry hearts I want to pour  
The answer soft that turneth wrath away:  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;  
I want to do all that the Master saith;  
I want to live aright from day to day:  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

*Anon.*



Only a word, was it? Scarce a word!  
Musical whisper, softly heard,  
Syllabled nothing — just a breath —  
'Twill outlast life, and 'twill laugh at death,  
Love with so little can do so much —  
Only a word, sweet! Only a touch!

*Mortimer Collins.*



How common it is for one in mature or advanced life to wish that he were young again! And what a mistake this is! If one remembers joys that he had in former years, let him be grateful for them and know that better things, even if not the same as those, are yet before him. The best things to God's children are ever ahead, not behind. If he thinks of mistakes that

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he then made, let him be grateful that he has not to try the thing over again, lest he might do even worse if he had another trial. If, indeed, he really can do better now, let him do so where and as he is, instead of showing his unfitness for the present by repining over the lost past.

*Anon.*

Here in the country's heart  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all.

*Norman Gale.*

"Oh, how cold!" escaped my lips, as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic tenement. The mother was out, but her twelve-year-old boy was mounted guard over the other chil-

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dren as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window-panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his shirt-sleeves, but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family.

"Are you not cold, my boy?" I asked. "No," said he; "not very." Yet I noticed how his pretty pearly teeth chattered. I waited awhile and spoke to him; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably, the baby lay, covered with the boy's coat! Talk about the bravery of men who face cannon (in the heat of passion they will do anything); but here was a hero in his shirt-sleeves on a bitter cold day, because he wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effect of a cold February wind.

Men say the age of heroism is past. It is false! So long as the nation raises boys like this one, she has within herself the germs of a boyhood that will keep her for ever in the very forefront of the world's history.

*Anon.*

Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the

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highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul.

But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action.

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired.

*Emerson.*



A pretty safe rule of conduct is to avoid doing anything that would cause heartache or headache.

*Nixon Waterman.*



If life is a lottery-day at a fair,  
Where some must draw blanks and others draw prizes,  
What good is your hurry or worry or care  
Whenever the shadow of trouble arises?

Worry has killed, but never has cured,  
Care brings the crow's-feet, but never a bird-song;  
Pain is not pain if it's wisely endured,  
And even a wail may be turned to a word song.

*Edward F. Burns.*

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When you and I go gipsying we'll laugh the  
whole day long;  
We'll stop at every cottage gate and thrill our  
hearts with song;  
We'll live the joy of summer skies when hopes  
are well begun;—  
When you and I go gipsying we'll travel toward  
the sun.

We'll use the old, old magic that shall never  
cease to be;  
The charm of love whose mystic spell is over  
you and me;  
Our hearts will know a rapture fine that time can  
ne'er outrun;—  
When you and I go gipsying we'll travel toward  
the sun.

With some far Eastern splendour strange, with  
some unbought delight,  
We'll fill our eager vision as it looks beyond the  
night;  
And still, to feed the fire that burns within our  
heart as one,  
When you and I go gipsying we'll travel toward  
the sun.

We'll leave behind us every care and set our way  
afar,

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Beyond the low horizon's verge to some love-  
lighted star;  
We'll dream the dreams of earth no more, a  
happier dream begun—  
When you and I go gipsying we'll travel toward  
the sun.

*Lewis Worthington Smith.*



There are no chagrins so venomous as the  
chagrins of the idle; there are no pangs so sick-  
ening as the satieties of pleasure. Nay, the  
bitterest and most enduring sorrow may be borne  
through the burden and heat of day bravely to  
the due time of death, by a true worker.

*John Ruskin.*



Which hand will you have, the right or the left?  
Is a question we hear every day  
From fool and from sage, from youth and old age,  
From children immersed in their play.  
Which hand will you have, the right or the left?  
I'll tell you the right one for me:  
The hand which contains no ill-gotten gains,  
The hand that is open and free.

If the right hand holds wealth with all that it  
brings,  
Its nights with their wearisome sleep;





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Its burdens and cares, its pitfalls and snares,  
Then I ask you the right one to keep.  
If the left hand holds poverty, honest and true,  
Possessing from day unto day  
A satisfied mind, and a love for mankind,  
Then give me the left one, I say.

*Joe Cone.*



Two things will never happen to me,—the  
thing that is too much for me, and the thing that  
is not best for me.

*Anna Robertson Brown.*



He only is advancing in life, whose heart is  
getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain  
quicker, whose spirit is entering the living Peace.

*Ruskin.*



The swallows twitter in the sky,  
But bare the nest beneath the eaves;  
The fledgelings of my care are gone,  
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet, I know my life hath strength,  
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,  
For leaves that murmur on the ground  
Have now for me a double care.

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I see in them the hope of spring,  
That erst did plan the autumn day;  
I see in them each gift of man  
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost — the fruit remains  
That ripened through the summer's ray;  
The nurslings of the nest are gone,  
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky  
May change to tints of autumn hue;  
But faith that sheds its amber light  
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

*Thomas O'Hagan.*



Self-trust is the essence of heroism, it speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.

*Emerson.*



Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sin-

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ful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence.

*Holmes.*

It is not so much what you say,  
As the manner in which you say it;  
It is not so much the language you use,  
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,  
And the baby cowered and wept;  
"Come here," I cooed, and he looked and smiled,  
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,  
And the tones may pierce like a dart;  
The words may be soft as the summer air,  
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,  
And grow by study and art;  
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,  
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not —  
Whether you mean or care —  
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,  
Envy and anger, are there.

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Then would you quarrels avoid,  
And in peace and love rejoice,  
Keep anger not only out of your words,  
But keep it out of your voice.

*Anon.*



The distant lights like beacons shine;  
The city they illumine is mine;  
The friends I love are gathered there;  
Give me thy help, O Guide divine,  
For hope and faith are in my prayer;  
And morn will break and I shall stand  
At daybreak in my fatherland.

*Marianne Farningham.*



Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser  
fact in favour of a greater. A little mind often  
sees the unbelief, without seeing the belief of a  
large one.

*Holmes.*



Some day, some day of days, treading the street  
With idle, heedless pace,  
Unlooking for such grace,  
I shall behold your face, —  
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

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Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,  
Or winter's icy chill  
Touch lightly vale and hill;  
What matter? I shall thrill  
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,  
And for a moment there  
I shall stand fresh and fair,  
And drop the garment care;  
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,  
How, face to face, each soul  
Will slip its long control,  
Forget the dismal dole  
Of dreary fate's dark separating sea.

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greet-  
ing,  
The past with all its fears,  
Its silence and its tears,  
Its lonely, yearning years,  
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Independent.*



Now, at last, therefore, hold thyself worthy to  
live as a man of full age and one who is pressing  
forward, and let everything that appeareth the

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best to thee, be as an inviolable law. And if any toil or pleasure or reputation, or the loss of it be laid upon thee, remember that now is the contest, here already are the Olympian games, and there is no deferring them any longer; that in a single day or a single trial, ground is to be lost or gained.

*Epictetus.*

Life is not easy for any one, and to many people it is very hard. They are carrying every ounce of burden they can possibly carry. They sometimes almost totter beneath their heavy load. Now suppose that, instead of saying cheering words to these people, heartening words which would put new hope and courage into their spirit, we do nothing but criticize them, find fault with them, speak in harsh, unloving way of them; what is the effect upon them? It can only be hurtful. It makes their load all the heavier. Or, rather, it takes out of their heart the enthusiasm, the hope, the courage, and makes it harder for them to go on.

"Carrying one's cross," means simply that you are to go on the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and as stoutly as you can; without making any faces or calling people to look at you. Above all, you are neither to load nor un-

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load yourself, nor cut your cross to your own liking. But all you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can, and not think about what is on it; above all, not to boast of what is on it. The real and essential meaning of virtue is in that straightness of the back.

*Ruskin.*

“Yes, you did, too!”

“I did not!”

Thus the little quarrel started,  
Thus, by unkind little words,  
Two fond friends were parted.

“I am sorry.”

“So am I.”

Thus the little quarrel ended,  
Thus, by loving little words,  
Two fond hearts were mended.

*H. B. Keech, in Youth's Companion.*

Believe always that every other life has been more tempted, more tried than your own; believe that the lives higher and better than your own are not so through more ease, but more effort; that the lives lower than yours are so through less opportunity, more trial.

*Mary R. S. Andrews.*

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A little work, a little play  
To keep us going — and so good day!

A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing — and so good night!

A little fun to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing — and so good morrow!

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And so good-bye!

*George Du Maurier.*



If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,  
And thereby cleared firm footing for to-day,  
Whatever clouds may dark to-morrow's sun,  
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

*Goethe.*



"So many old people get queer crotchets and notions that make them hard to live with," said a lady the other day, — a lady whose own life was far past its meridian, — "that I am keeping watch of myself all the time. I don't know what crankiness may be apparent to others."

"Oh, it isn't the people who think and keep watch who develop the crotchets; it's the people who don't," smiled a friend. "Thoughtfulness





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and watchfulness to keep one's self pleasant to live with, will make one immune from all sorts of cranky notions."

But the thoughtfulness and watchfulness ought to begin early. We speak rather slightly sometimes of certain pleasantnesses and agreeable manners as "merely mechanical," but it is worth a good deal to have a social mechanism so used to running properly that it will run on in the accustomed way even when the spirit is perturbed. Thoughtfulness and consideration for others may grow into a habit, and habit is a wonderful safeguard even when will and strength have lost something of their power.

*Anon.*

The sun, and the sea, and the wind,  
The wave, and the wind, and the sky,  
We are off to a magical Ind,  
My heart, and my soul, and I;  
Behind us the isles of despair  
And mountains of misery lie,  
We're away, anywhere, anywhere,  
My heart, and my soul, and I.

O islands and mountains of youth,  
O land that lies gleaming before,  
Life is love, hope, and beauty, and truth, —  
We will weep o'er the past no more.



## CHEERFULNESS

Behind, are the bleak, fallow years,  
Before, are the sea and the sky,  
We're away, with a truce to the tears,  
My heart, and my soul, and I.

*Robert Loveman.*

Unenthusiastic natures! How much they must miss in life! Never elated by good fortune, nor astounded by a piece of news; always living on the dead, flat level of the commonplace! To be sure, it carries a certain air of impressiveness with it; this living above being agitated places the imperturbable people on heights which we effervescing ones cannot hope to scale. We envy while we pity them. It seems so superior to be able to sit aloft there and hear, unmoved, tidings which would set our hands to clapping and our heads to tossing.

*Anon.*

Nobody is fully understood by anybody. The best friends are not so well known to each other that the veil of personality does not come between them. A husband and wife live together half a century, yet, at the death of one, the other may discover that, after all, there were depths of character, thought, and feeling, never sounded in all those fifty years. We can never hope to



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understand our dearest comrade perfectly until we "know fully." That knowledge God has reserved for himself, in order that he may be a more perfect friend to man than any other.

*Anon.*

I told you once, sweet wife, long years ago,  
When all our blood thrilled with a youthful glow,  
That in the whole wide world naught could compare  
To the wild glory of your golden hair.

Now a far other vision seems to rise,  
Nay! start not, dearest, with such wondering eyes.

A deeper beauty I have learned to see:  
That silver gray far dearer is to me.

*A. M. Orpen.*

Life's features are so close to us that they often seem out of proportion. But the day and distance will come when we shall see how well balanced were all God's thoughts of us. The eye too close to a picture has no right to telegraph criticism about the painter's purpose or skill. Stand where the painter intended. Some views of life are never understood except in a review, some prospects or aspects never appreciated except in

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retrospect. Reserve your judgment. Time will vindicate God, and if it does not set you singing, eternity will.

*Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D.*



We are to be rewarded not only for work done, but for burdens borne, and I am not sure but that the brightest rewards will be for those who have borne burdens without murmuring.

*Andrew Bonar.*



Oh, beware of touchiness, or testiness, not bearing to be spoken to, starting at the least word, and flying from those who do not implicitly receive mine or another's sayings.

*John Wesley.*



### A SONG FOR SIMPLICITY

A rose will wither, so will love,  
When love grows overwise.  
Keep all thy petals, O my heart,  
While the short summer flies!

Let gladness be their gentle sun,  
And innocence their dew,  
Ask the warm April rain to fall,  
And wash all care from you.

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And if Love went the truant way  
And you have lost his track,  
Be faithful to simplicity  
And you shall win him back.

Hush! the soft fingers of desire  
Tap at the stoic will;  
Be very simple, O my heart,  
And Love will enter still.

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

● ● ●  
Possess thy soul in calm,  
Let patience rule thy heart,  
And in gray shades of clouded times  
Bear thou the hero's part.

Then shalt thou know the flush  
Of happy, radiant days;  
For he who trusts God in the dark  
Is taught new songs of praise.

*Anon.*

● ● ●  
It would be a very unnatural child that would  
live in the same house with a kind father for  
years at a time and never talk with him, never  
thank him for blessings received, never counsel  
with him about the daily happenings of life, or  
ask for help in places of trial; and yet that is  
what people do who live in this world without  
praying to God.

*Louis Albert Banks.*

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Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness, are by nature contagious. Bring your health and your strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them, not your weakness, but your energy, so you will revive them and lift them up.

*Anon.*

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright,  
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night;  
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our  
prime  
And blessings that march down the pathway of  
time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is drear —  
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;  
For never in blindness and never in pain  
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power  
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;  
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,  
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be —  
For hopes that our future will call us to thee;  
That all our eternity form, through thy love,  
One thanksgiving day in the mansions above.

*Will Carleton.*

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How great are our personal blessings! You may think you have nothing to be thankful for. Your life is full of suffering and its song is a mournful plaint. But there is a thanksgiving for you, for there is one for everybody. "Every life has that for which it may be grateful; more is left than is lost, in any event, and when all seems gone, it is only transferred to another and surer and eternal inheritance, to be one day for ever enjoyed. 'In everything give thanks.'"

*Anon.*



If I were you, I would not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance, and be content with that.

*Beatrice Harraden.*



Let us be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form and passing from pain into sympathy—the one word which includes all our best insight and our best love.

*George Eliot.*



A little London crossing-sweeper found an apple and offered a companion "a bite." The companion took a very moderate one, upon which the donor said: "You know you are welcome;

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bite bigger, Billy." If grown-up people were as generous as that waif, churches, hospitals, and the deserving poor would be welcome to bigger bites.

*The Quiver.*

To keep my health!

To do my work!

To live!

To see to it I grow and gain and give!

Never to look behind me for an hour!

To wait in weakness and to walk in power,

But always fronting forward to the light,

Always and always facing toward the right,

Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—

On, with what strength I have!

Back to the way!

*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

Spurgeon said: "Home is the grandest of all institutions." It is the keystone of the arch. No other place in all the world holds more sacred and helpful associations. The earliest influences for molding opinions and forming habits cannot be overestimated or superseded. In it is the real test of character. A bully at home will make a tyrant among men. A boy who is rude to his sister will by and by be discourteous to some one's else sister. The son who is a tyrant to



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mother will, after awhile, lord it over the fair one who becomes his wife. Home is the place for the smaller courtesies of life. How much they mean! A kind father, a loving husband, a dutiful son, a courteous brother; not obsequious, not churlish, not effeminate, but thoughtful, manly and polite. Our highest effort ought to be to please and gladden the family circle. Those nearest to us have stronger claims upon us than any other. To be considerate and gracious of speech toward those of our household is life's purest joy and highest service. Rudeness and incivility ought to have no place in the home. Home-life ought not to be a drudgery. There is toil and care, the daily routine and daily wear, but withal there should be a sweet content, quiet trust and buoyant hope.

"Make home a hive where all beautiful feelings  
Cluster like bees and their honey-dew bring;  
Make it a temple of holy revealings  
And love its bright angels with shadowy wing.  
"Then will it be, when afar on life's billows,  
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are  
flung,  
They will long for the shade of the home weep-  
ing-willows,  
And sing the sweet songs which their mother  
had sung."

*Rev. A. C. Welch.*

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Remember constantly that God's loving eyes are upon you amid all these little worries and vexations, watching whether you take them as he would desire. Offer up all such occasions to him; and, if sometimes you are put out and give way to impatience, do not be discouraged, but make haste to regain your lost composure.

*Francis De Sales.*

“The people whom I most dread as guests,” remarked a woman, noted for her generous hospitality, “are those who have no capacity for small pleasures.” Any one who is accustomed to entertain much will easily recognize the class to which the speaker referred. They are the persons who are restless unless something is continually “going on,” as they express it. They cannot enter the quiet enjoyments of the family in which they are visiting. A walk, with no special object in view, is to them the tamest sort of recreation. They cannot understand another's delight in finding a new flower; they wonder why you go out on the veranda to view a fine sunset; the arrival of a new book—these are trifles beneath their notice. If there are children in the household, they pay no attention to their little ambitions and accomplishments. Mary's amateur playing, or John's crude attempts at painting, have little interest to the visitor who has no gift for finding

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happiness in small pleasures, but to find it thus enables people to grow old gracefully, and in every way is a gift worth cultivating. Many of us are grumblers, but few of us use to the full the resources of happiness that are available. Happiness depends upon the treatment of what we have, and not of what we have not. Happiness is made, and not found. It comes from within, and not from without. The poet teaches us that, if we would after a certain age find enjoyment in life, we must become again like little children, open our hearts to the healing influences of nature, and cease to despise simple pleasures.

*E. J. Hardy.*

Don't be waiting till the sorrow  
All has passed away;  
Don't be waiting till to-morrow,  
Smile a bit to-day.  
When the clouds all dull and dreary  
Hang about the earth,  
That is when a greeting cheery  
Counts for what it's worth.

*Ernest Gilmore.*

Who may with the shrewd hours strive?  
Too thrifty dealers they,  
That with the one hand blandly give,  
With the other take away.

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And glitters there some falling flake,  
Some dust of gold, between  
The hands that give and hands that take  
Slipped noiseless and unseen.

Ah, comedy of bargainings!  
Whose gain of years we found  
A little silt of golden things  
Forgotten on the ground.

*Arthur Colton.*

A woman whose life has been long checkered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?

"I'm tired! I've been making beds and washing dishes all day and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again.'

"Look, my child,' he said, 'do you see these empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine.

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"'Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry which kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or unwashed, or the floors swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life.'"

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they feel is beneath their facilities, yet no discipline is more helpful. "The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

*anon.*

We thank thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food.  
No gifts have we to offer  
For all thy love imparts,  
But that which thou desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

*Matthias Claudius.*

The richest experiences of life never come to those who try to win them selfishly.

*Anna R. Brown.*

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It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles — the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

Pope.



Beloved, let us love so well,  
Our work shall still be better for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
There is ever a something sings alway;  
There's the song of the lark when skies are clear,  
And the song of the thrush when skies are gray.  
The sunshine showers across the grain,  
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;  
And night and day, when the leaves drip rain,  
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair;  
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —  
There is ever a song somewhere.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
In the midnight black or the midday blue;  
The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirps the whole night through.

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The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;  
But, whether the sun or the rain or the snow,  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*



Life is a business we are all apt to mismanage;  
either living recklessly from day to day, or suffering  
ourselves to be gulled out of our moments by  
the inanities of custom. We should despise a  
man who gave as little activity and forethought  
to the conduct of any other business. . . . We  
cannot see the forest for the trees. . . . And it is  
only on rare provocation that we can rise to take  
an outlook beyond daily concerns.

*R. L. Stevenson.*



The only sure way to get rid of a past is by getting  
a future out of it. I am sure it would help us  
if we could only see that often sin is a perversion  
of good; that, as is often the case, the very sin  
came from a part of our nature that God made  
— a sense of justice, strong affections, or something  
that, if only turned in the right direction,  
would have made us whole. Don't think there  
is no good in you; there is, or there would be  
nothing to appeal to.

*Phillips Brooks.*

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If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies, but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



"I jist likes to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day, of a woman I know, whose face was always cheery and bright; "the face of her does one good, shurre!"

I said if there were only a recipe — a sure and certain recipe — for making a cheery person, we would all be glad to try it. There is no such recipe, and perhaps if there were, it is not quite certain that we would all try it. It would take time and trouble. Cheeriness cannot be taught like writing. It lies so deep that no surface rules of behaviour, no description ever so minute of what it is or is not, does or does not do, can ever enable a person to "take it up" and "master" it,



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like a trade or a study. I believe that it is, in the outset, a good gift from God at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished. This is natural, spontaneous, inevitable cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have. But next best to this is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations. To do this, we have only to watch the cheeriest people we know and follow their example. We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds—or if he minds, never says a word about—small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily, genuinely glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people. Thirdly, he has a keen sense of humour and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh and to make everybody about him laugh at every amusing thing; no matter how small, he has his laugh, and a good hearty laugh, too, and tries to make everybody share it.

Patience, sympathy and humour—these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery person.

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But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a quality of mind. This is lovingness. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person, which "doeth good like a medicine."

*Anon.*

Just a little every day —  
That's the way!  
Seeds in darkness swell and grow;  
Tiny blades push through the snow;  
Never any flower of May  
Leaps to blossom in a burst —  
Slowly, slowly, as the first,  
That's the way,  
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day —  
That's the way.  
Children learn to read and write  
Bit by bit and mite by mite;  
Never any one, I say,  
Leaps to knowledge and its power;  
Slowly, slowly, hour by hour,  
That's the way,  
Just a little every day.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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Love is, and was my king and lord,  
And will be, though as yet I keep  
Within his court on earth, and sleep  
Encompassed by his faithful guard,  
And hear at times a sentinel  
Who moves about from place to place,  
And whispers to the worlds of space,  
In the deep night, that all is well.

*Tennyson.*



We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living life-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near; the light which enlightens, which has enlightened, the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindling lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of heaven; a flowing light fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.

*Carlyle.*



There are some persons—would that their numbers were greater—who magnify the virtues of people. They have a talent for seeing the good and the commendable in any deed or character. Apparently they are incapable of the mean art

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of disparagement. Consequently they are sought out as friends and they are looked up to as inspirers. Theirs is the better part, for they become sharers of the virtues which they emphasize and help to keep alive, if not to create.

*Selected.*

I've heard it said since I was born,  
That every rose must have its thorn,  
No matter where it grows.  
It may be so; I'll not deny,  
But this is quite as true, say I,  
Each thorn, too, has its rose.

*Anon.*

If young people only knew the worth of their youth, and understood how it might be enhanced and glorified by the seeking of knowledge and the giving of service, they would no longer delay to appropriate their inheritance. Will not some faithful soul make each one of these to understand? The days pass.

*Anon.*

There is a pity in forgotten things,  
Banished the heart they can no longer fill.  
Since restless Fancy, spreading swallow wings,  
Must seek new pleasure still!

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There is a patience, too, in things forgot;  
They wait—they find the portal long unused;  
And knocking there, it shall refuse them not—  
Nor aught shall be refused!

Ah, yes! though we, unheeding years on years,  
In alien pledges spend the heart's estate,  
They bide some blessed moment of quick tears—  
Some moment without date.

*Edith M. Thomas.*



It was not easy just at first, for she had never been in a hospital before. It wasn't the strange odour of antiseptics that made her hesitate at the door of a ward, but it was a sudden realization of the amount of patient misery in that long room full of cots, where each patient was smoothed down and tucked in to look like a lay-figure. It was the eager, pain-haunted eyes that turned on her and made her wonder if she had a right to force herself on strangers in suffering.

With a great effort she approached a cot where the eyes drew her the strongest, and asked, in the gentlest voice, if she might read aloud a little story she had with her. "Please," was all the woman said, but that was enough, and the reading began. The short story finished, there was a little conversation, sympathy on the girl's part, confidence on the woman's, and lo! a miracle was

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wrought, the two were friends who an hour before had not known one another. And the girl had learned how to help others, and thus to forget her own indefinite longings.

*Anon.*



Be merry, man, and take not sair to mind  
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow:

To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,  
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow:

His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow:  
Be blyth in heart for any aventure,  
How oft with wise men it has been said afore,  
Without gladness availes no treasure.

*Wm. Dunbar, 1479.*



We housekeepers are too apt to think of our vocation as embodying much that is simple, trivial, petty; a daily round of "pottering," "no account" duties that has nothing to show for it at set of sun.

"I have worked so hard all day," sighs one tired woman, "and it seems to me I haven't accomplished a single thing."

"A galley-slave life," groans another, "rising up and sitting down, doing the same things over

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and over again, with no prospect of ever getting through."

Courage, sisters! "Tedious iteration" there may be. The same dishes to wash three times a day. The same tangled curls to brush and dirty little faces and hands to bathe and kiss each night and morning. The same lamps to fill, vegetables to prepare, floors to sweep, rooms to dust, insects to circumvent, table to set, cooky-jar to fill, day in and day out.

The same linen to make sweet and clean and comfortable every week. The same stockings to mend, tears to darn, little garments to make and keep in order month after month. But these are not trivial tasks.

Upon their faithful, loving performance rests that most beautiful superstructure, the happy, well-ordered home, which Beecher says should be an ovation to the memory singing to all our after-life melodies and harmonies of old-remembered joys.

Let us then magnify our office, realizing that with this end in view what might otherwise be drudgery becomes but a part of the divine plan.

*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;

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Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair:  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jest or pranks, that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

The spirit of God is the bringer of joy, but the spirit of man is the transmitter of cheer for other men. Make yourselves good conductors of the joy of God, if you pretend to love your friends.

*Anon.*

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

*Samuel Johnson.*

The happiest heart that ever beat  
Was in some quiet breast  
That found the common daylight sweet  
And left to heaven the rest.

*John Dance Cheney.*





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And oh! when others take our place,  
And earth's green curtain hides our face,  
Ere on the stage, so silent now,  
The last new hero makes his bow:  
So may our deeds, recalled once more  
In memory's sweet but brief encore,  
Down all the circling ages run,  
With the world's plaudit of "Well done!"

*Harte.*



Remember, in the spiritual life there are recreations, but there are no holidays. That school breaks up but once, and the home afterward is eternal.

*Faber.*



To be everywhere and everything in sympathy and yet content to remain where and what you are — is not this to know both wisdom and virtue and to dwell with happiness?

*R. L. Stevenson.*



I have no sympathy with those who are always bewailing "the good old times." My dear sir, the good new times, thank God, are a great deal better; and they are going to be a great deal better still.

*Mark Guy Pearse.*

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Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way  
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!  
From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.  
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to  
thee

Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.

*R. W. Gilder.*



Trust thyself. Accept the place the divine  
providence has found for you, the society of your  
contemporaries, the connection of events.

*Emerson.*



Go before no man with trembling, but know  
well that all events are indifferent and nothing to  
thee. For whatever it may be, it shall lie with  
thee to use it nobly: this no man can prevent.

*Epictetus.*



No matter how depressed you feel,

Look cheerful!

A gloomy face is ungenteel,

Look cheerful!

Nobody cares about your woes,

Each has his sorrows, goodness knows!

So why should you your grief disclose?

Look cheerful!

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Though you are blue as indigo,  
Look cheerful!  
You're prettier when you smile, you know!  
Look cheerful!  
The world abhors a gloomy face,  
And tales of woe are commonplace,  
So stir yourself, and take a brace—  
Look cheerful!

*Anon.*

Mrs. Wiggs, in the story of "Lovey Mary," says some very amusing things, a few of which we quote:

"I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile."

"You never kin tell which way any pleasure is a-comin'. Whoever would 'a' thought when we aimed at the cemetery that we'd land up at a first-class fire?"

"I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yerself another right quick, before yer sperrits has a chance to fall."

"The way to get cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when your own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut."

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"Don't you go an' git sorry fer yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid of yerself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a harelip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gettin' sorry fer myself."



Did you ever stop and think how a cheery word spoken by wife or husband in the morning, as the husband goes out to the busy cares of the day, will follow the one spoken to through the entire day? It may be some word of compliment from the husband about the "good breakfast" provided by the wife. It may be a kind suggestion from the husband—"Don't undertake too much work and get sick. I hope the time will come when I can hire some one." On the other hand, how much heart-pain can be caused by a snap or snarl at the breakfast hour. The words of fault-finding will ring in the ears the livelong day. As you begin the day let the sunshine into the soul, and don't be selfish about it, but let a little out now and then in direct reflection upon those about you. Smile as you pass by. Speak and smile to children, and try to encourage him who toils by your side in less fortunate circumstances than you are surrounded by.

*Anon.*



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When the skies are full of light,  
Over fields of blossoms bright,  
While the stars smile down at night  
On a sea like glass,  
Let no apprehension rise  
For the future otherwise;  
Never seek with anxious eyes  
Shadows in the grass;  
Sorrow meet with scanty sighs,  
It will pass.

If the sullen wind is drear,  
Keep a hope undimmed by fear;  
Add not to the rain a tear,  
Murmur not, "Alas!"  
Be a soldier, not a saint —  
Fighters have not time to faint,  
Greet the cloud with no complaint,  
Flout the frowning mass;  
On its brow a rainbow paint,  
It will pass.

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*



Oh, to be up and doing, Oh,  
Unfearing and unshamed to go  
In all the uproar and the press  
About my human business!  
My undissuaded heart I hear  
Whisper courage in my ear.

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Thou, O my love, ye, O my friends —  
The gist of life, the end of ends —  
To laugh, to love, to live, to die,  
Ye call me by the ear and eye!

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,  
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;  
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,  
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.  
Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun',  
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,  
But rake yer foggy notions down,  
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

*Sam Walter Foss.*



Let us live in the country, drink water from  
deep wells, spend much time outdoors, count it  
a sin to be nervous, shun worry, which is the  
modern form the devil assumes, sleep long in  
fresh air, live in plain houses on well-drained  
hills, eat plain food and ripe fruit, keep our  
skins clean and keep them whole, regard good  
digestion as the mark of a gentleman — then we  
shall play with our great-grandchildren, and we  
shall see the fulfilment in octogenarian prime of  
the enthusiasms that stirred us in boyhood.

*Anon.*

## THE VALUE OF

Out of the world, swiftly, softly, like the vanishing of a snowflake, passed a beautiful girl a few weeks ago. Strong in her feelings, her likes and dislikes, she yet was singularly gentle in manner always, and only her going showed with how many lives she had linked herself.

"I cannot remember her ever saying an unkind word of any one," said one of a group of girl friends who were talking of her one day.

"She never did," was the prompt reply.

Never an unkind comment to be remembered when the voice which could not recall or change it was silenced! Never a prejudice awakened by word of hers to go on doing its work in the world, biasing, perhaps unjustly, the opinion of others, and hurting some one by its weight! No barbed arrow of ridicule or sarcasm to continue its mission of harm! Was it any wonder that one of the girls said afterward: "I thought that was such a beautiful thing to say! I know I speak a good many sharp, cutting words about people and things that don't please me — most of us do — but it made me wish I could leave a record like hers."

*Anon.*

•   •   •

The little sharp vexations,  
And the briers that catch and fret —  
Why not take all to the Helper  
Who has never failed us yet?

## CHEERFULNESS

Tell him about the heartache,  
And tell him the longings, too;  
Tell him the baffled purpose  
When we scarce knew what to do.

Then, leaving all our weakness  
With the One divinely strong,  
Forget that we bore the burden,  
And carry away the song.

*Phillips Brooks.*



Yes, I know that you have had much sorrow — not alone because you tell me of it, but because of the kindly tone pervading your letter. I always know that one has suffered when I get the impression of kindness and sympathy from him. Petty cares and troubles often embitter one, but great suffering and pain develop the feeling of human brotherhood. I doubt very much whether one has ever progressed except through pain. In the voices of the great souls of all ages may be heard a suggestion of the minor note. Those who have suffered — who have felt the deadly grip upon the heart — understand their fellow men and women, and find it easy to speak the kindly word, send the loving glance of the eye, give the warm hand-clasp. Their blood is warm, and their hearts beat strong — they understand without be-





## THE VALUE OF

ing told. Much of the best in life has come to us through sorrow—when we understand this we know many things. I send to you, and to all like you, a word of cheer and fellowship and a hearty hand-clasp.

• • • *"New Thought."*

Do you ever think, you young people, how much you might add to the cheer and enjoyment of the home circle by treasuring and recounting the odd, funny, pathetic, or interesting little happenings of any sort that cross your path each day? In the street, in the car, wherever you are at work or study, in what you see, or in the chat of acquaintances, these varied bits of life come to you, and if you will but form the habit of remembering them, and learn the art of telling them, your presence will sweeten and gladden the whole life of the home.

Such gleanings are not mere trifles. The hearty laugh, the act of heroism, the little glimpses into other lives, all have their mission and bear many a message of hope and encouragement that the messenger does not know.

• • • *Anon.*

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

*Emerson.*



## CHEERFULNESS

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil — Who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce — O shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.  
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

*Maltbie D. Babcock.*



Thank God every morning when you get up  
that you have something to do that day which  
must be done, whether you like it or not. Being  
forced to work and forced to do your best will  
breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence,  
strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues  
which the idle will never know.

*Charles Kingsley.*



One day at a time — why seek to live  
Beyond the space which the minutes give?  
Why borrow care, and the present spoil  
Because to-morrow will bring its toil?

## THE VALUE OF

One day at a time — why sigh and fret  
Through its precious tide in such vain regret  
O'er the old mistake, or the grievous wrong,  
When past mistakes to the past belong?

One day at a time — why worry so,  
When few there be ere we're called to go?  
Why not endeavour with all our powers  
To make the most of life's fleeting hours?

One day at a time — why bottle up  
The poison found in some bitter cup?  
We tasted once, and it caused us pain,  
Then why preserve it to drink again?

One day at a time — why let some blight  
Descend like a pall on its golden light?  
Why gather the thistle, the weed, the rue,  
When flowers are blooming of every hue?

One day at a time to work or weep,  
Ere falls the night, with its boon of sleep.  
While friends abide and the sunbeams fall,  
There is something pleasant in life for all.

'Tis an old refrain oft sung by bard,  
In preaching easy, in practice hard,  
A wholesome lesson for you and me,  
Which we seldom heed, though its truth we see.

*Isadore Parker Merrill.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Do you know people who are as good as gold, who have odd little ways of their own, little failings that annoy and inconvenience their friends? Some have trying little habits that rasp others and put them in a fidget much as they love those who are unconsciously guilty of the small exasperations. Some are absent-minded and forgetful, others have trifling tricks of manner that make their friends exclaim inwardly, "Oh, I wish you wouldn't!"

There are foibles as well as faults; there are weaknesses as well as wilfulnesses, and all these must be borne with. In some cases they may be corrected, but oftener these small idiosyncrasies are fixed in the character, are flaws even in the fine gold. We must make the best of them; we must make the most of the gold and not magnify what mars it.

*anon.*

I make no murmur nor complain;  
Above me are the stars and blue,  
Alluring far to grand refrain;  
Before, the beautiful and true,  
To love, or hate, to win or lose;  
Lo, I will now arise and choose.

*Joaquin Miller.*

You gave on the way a pleasant smile  
And thought no more about it;

## THE VALUE OF

It cheered a life that was sad the while  
That might have been wrecked without it;  
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair  
You'll reap a palm sometime — somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word  
And passed to other duties;  
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,  
And painted a life with beauties.  
And so for the word and its silent prayer  
You'll reap a crown sometime — somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,  
A lift in kindness given;  
It saved a soul when help was none  
And won a heart for heaven;  
And so for the help you proffered there  
You'll reap a joy sometime — somewhere.

*D. G. Bickers.*

What do we live for if not to make the world  
less difficult for each other?

*George Elliot.*

## SINGING STILL

Winnowed by the wings of swallows  
Gleams the soft sky childhood knew;  
Spring returns and summer follows,  
And the winter whitens too.

## CHEERFULNESS

Ploughs forsake no April furrows,  
Still the sunset wraps the hill;—  
Oh, the heart of earth is singing,  
Singing still!

Look! the roses clasp and clamber!—  
Once they climbed our mother's porch;  
Sunrise has the same clear amber,  
Noonday holds no colder torch.

. . . . .

Care the glad bees what comes after  
If the lilacs only blow?  
Hush! these brooks are wild with laughter  
At their jest of long ago!  
Could we but relearn this music!—  
And with boyhood's artless skill  
Keep our heart with earth's still singing,  
Singing still!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

. . .

To maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if one will live simply and wisely.

*Thoreau.*

. . .

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

*Emerson.*

## THE VALUE OF

Only a little shrivelled seed —  
It might be a flower, or grass, or weed;  
Only a box of earth on the edge  
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;  
Only a few scant summer showers;  
Only a few clear, shining hours —  
That was all. Yet God could make  
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,  
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet  
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,  
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;  
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam  
Of joy that seeped but a happy dream.  
A life as common and brown and bare  
As the box of earth in the window there;  
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom  
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room —  
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold  
Over the flower's heart of gold.

*Henry Van Dyke.*

If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl content-  
edly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but, as long  
as I can avoid it, I will never be unhappy.

*Sydney Smith.*

Write it on your heart that every day is the  
best day of the year.

*Emerson.*

## CHEERFULNESS

The wealth of a man is the number of things  
he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed  
by.

*Carlyle.*

Happiness is a great love and much serving.

*Olive Schreiner.*

A haze on the far horizon,  
An infinite tender sky,  
And ripe, rich tints in the corn-field,  
And wild geese sailing high,  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the goldenrod, —  
Some of us call it autumn;  
But others call it God.

*William H. Carruth.*

Edward Everett Hale's three rules of life are  
well put:

First, live as much as possible in the open air;  
second, touch elbows with the rank and file;  
third, talk every day with a man whom you know  
is your superior.

Make your failure tragical by the earnestness  
of your endeavour and then it will not differ from  
success.

*Thoreau.*



## THE VALUE OF

The world hath many gracious hearts  
And kindnesses and gold;  
But sometimes in a little song  
There is a power untold:  
You may not measure it by rule,  
Or any line of art,  
But oft the singing of a song  
Hath cheered a weary heart.

If in its rhythmic cadences  
Are faith, and hope, and love;  
If peace abide within its tones,  
Like wings of sheltering dove,  
Then hath that little song a power,  
A comfort, sweet and true;  
And 'tis worth while to sing that song —  
I think so; do not you?

*M. D. Tolman.*



Our ideals are our possibilities.

*Anon.*



As you sit there by the window of life, let no  
wrinkle furrow your brow. Calmly observe,  
though before your mind should pass sensations  
of the most intensely discomforting nature. Wait  
with the patience of one who is content to let  
Nature complete her task though it require a  
million years.

*Horatio W. Dresser.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Out of the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest height.

*Carlyle.*

We take our share in fretting,  
Of grieving and forgetting,  
The paths are often rough and steep, and heedless feet may fall.  
But yet the days are cheery,  
And nights bring rest when weary,  
And somehow this old planet is a good world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,  
The joys are more than double.  
The brave surpass the cowards, and the leal are like a wall  
To guard their dearest ever,  
To fail the feeblest never;  
And somehow this old earth remains a bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring,  
And shielding and forbearing,  
Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep our hearts in thrall;  
There's home to share together,  
In calm or stormy weather,  
And somehow this old planet is a good world, after all.

## THE VALUE OF

The lisp of children's voices,  
The chance of happy choices,  
The bugle-sounds of hope and faith, through fogs  
and mists that call;  
The heaven that stretches o'er us,  
The better days before us,  
They all combine to make this earth a good world,  
after all.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*



Not failure, but low aim is crime.

*Lowell.*



How deep is love, my heart?  
As deep as this dark blue sea.  
How wide is love, my life?  
As wide as this world can be.  
How high is love, my soul?  
As high as the stars we see  
That nightly watch both him and me.

Go tell my friend, ye waves,  
Of your bottomless depths of love.  
O world-wide space, thy message, too,  
And a hint of love from the stars above  
I would send him across the blue.  
How long will such love last, my friend?  
Till sea, and stars, and time shall end.

*Will N. Andorsen.*

## CHEERFULNESS

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?

*Thoreau.*

O, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

*Tennyson.*

It is a commonplace, that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection, and surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought. I believe this is every one's experience; but an apprehension that they may belie themselves in the future prevents mankind from trumpeting this cheerful sentiment abroad. I wish sincerely, for

## THE VALUE OF

it would have saved me much trouble, there had been some one to put me in a good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight; and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



When one steps into the solitude, one passes from time to eternity, where there is no age, neither beginning nor ending, sorrow nor strife — simply existence, peaceful, restful, calm and free.

*Horatio W. Dresser.*



Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.

*George MacDonald.*



I am not careful for what may be a hundred years hence. He who governed the world before I was born shall take care of it likewise when I am dead. My part is to improve the present moment.

*John Wesley.*

## CHEERFULNESS

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe; and make his  
wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, care-  
lessly:

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

*Shakespeare.*

The only cure for indolence is work; the only  
cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for  
unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by do-  
ing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity  
is to plunge into some dreadful duty before the  
chill comes on.

*Rutherford.*

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing  
words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kind-  
ness, little silent victories over favourite tempta-  
tion — these are the silent threads of gold which,  
when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the  
pattern of life that God approves.

*Canon Farrar.*

“It is not death to die!”

Sweet rang the choral song  
And on the gathered throng,

## THE VALUE OF

Consoling, dwelt full long:—  
"It is not death to die!"  
Ah no!

"It is not death to die,—"  
Then when life's light is fled  
And death's gloom o'er thee shed,  
Empty thy heart of dread;—  
It is not death to die,  
Ah no!

*Olivia Mordaunt.*

And this for comfort thou must know,  
Times that are ill won't still be so;  
Clouds will not ever pour down rain;  
A sullen day will clear again.

*Herrick.*

Make one person happy each day and in forty  
years you have made 14,600 human beings happy  
for a little time at least.

*Anon.*

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his  
heart into his work and done his best; but what  
he has said or done otherwise shall give him no  
peace.

*Emerson.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Life is too short to waste  
In critic peep, or cynic bark, quarrel or reprimand;  
'Twill soon be dark;  
Up! mind thine own aim, and  
God speed the mark!

*Emerson.*

Who's for the hills?

Ho for the stress and struggle, and at last  
The gain of summit places sure and fast!  
Ho for a clearer air, a fairer view,  
A hilltop nearer to the mighty blue!

Who's for the hills?

Who's for the hills?

Ho for the morning wrestle, and the climb  
To wholesome peaks above the fens of time!  
A sturdy company, come, let us go  
And leave the shadow line far, far below.

Who's for the hills?

*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

The moment a selfish moving seizes the mind,  
give the impulse another turn. If a fear arises,  
face it on the spot and dispel it. If you are  
tempted to be angry, pause for a moment and  
still the rising activities.

*Horatio W. Dresser.*



## THE VALUE OF

The soul would have no rainbow  
Had the eyes no tears.

*John Vance Cheney.*



You can help your fellow men. You must help  
your fellow men. But the only way you can help  
them is by being the noblest and the best man  
that it is possible for you to be.

*Phillips Brooks.*



The sunniest skies are the fairest,  
The happiest hours are best;  
Of all life's high blessings the rarest  
Are fullest of comfort and rest.

Though Fate is our purpose denying,  
Let each bear his part like a man,  
Nor sadden the world with his sighing —  
'Tis better to smile if we can.

Each heart has its burden of sorrow,  
Each soul has its shadow of doubt,  
'Tis sunshine we're yearning to borrow —  
True sunshine within and without.

Then let us wear faces of pleasure  
The world shall be happy to scan,  
And add to the wealth of its treasure, —  
'Tis better to smile if we can.

## CHEERFULNESS

Friends, let us take to patience and water gruel, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the miserables, and give others the disease by wickedly finding fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to providence. What can't be cured must be endured. If we cannot get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbages in the garden. Must is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

*C. H. Spurgeon.*



It is well to observe what a range of thought and sentiment is opened up by genuine happiness, and then, when the spirit of depression weighs heavily upon us, to recall these conditions, to let the morbid thought languish for mere want of attention, to stir one's self, to arouse a forced happiness if one cannot shake off the heavy spirit in any other way.

*Horatio W. Dresser.*



Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still.  
What God has ordered must be right;  
Then find in it thine own delight,  
My will.



## THE VALUE OF

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart?  
One watches all with care most true;  
Doubt not that he will give thee too  
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,  
Nor seek earth's favour,  
But rest.  
Thou knowest what God wills must be  
For all his creatures, so for thee,  
The best.

*Paul Fleming.*

It is not the work, but the worry,  
That drives all sleep away,  
As we toss and turn and wonder  
About the cares of the day.  
Do we think of the hands' hard labour,  
Or the steps of the tired feet?  
Ah, no! but we plan and wonder  
How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,  
That makes us troubled and sad,  
That makes us narrow and sordid  
When we should be cheery and glad.

## CHEERFULNESS

There's a shadow before the sunlight,  
And ever a cloud in the blue,  
The scent of the rose is tainted,  
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,  
That makes the world grow old,  
That numbers the years of its children  
Ere half their story is told;  
That weakens their faith in heaven  
And the wisdom of God's great plan.  
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry  
That breaks the heart of man.

*Anon.*

Make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts!  
none of us yet know, for none of us have been  
taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may  
build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all ad-  
versity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble  
histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of pre-  
cious and restful thought, which care cannot dis-  
turb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take  
away from us; houses built without hands for  
souls to live in.

*Ruskin.*

It is a grand thing for the English language  
that there is no word for "ennui." If the creation  
had been drab-coloured; if there had been no

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horses, dogs, water-rats, or dragon-flies; if science and art had been intuitive; if religion had been clear; if all men's condition had been equal; if men and women were always amenable to reason, and boys were always quiet—then the world might have been somewhat dull: there would then have been a justifiable word for ennui in all languages; at present ennui is simply inanity or stupidity.

*Sir Arthur Helps.*

The sweetest music is not in oratorios, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth, and courage.

*Emerson.*

Along the noisy city ways  
And in this rattling city car,  
On this the dreariest of days,  
Perplexed with business fret and jar,

When suddenly a young, sweet face  
Looked on my petulance and pain  
And lent it something of its grace,  
And charmed it into peace again.

The day was just as bleak without,  
My neighbours just as cold within,  
And truth was just as full of doubt,  
The world was just as full of sin.

## CHEERFULNESS

But in the light of that young smile  
The world grew pure, the heart grew warm;  
And sunshine gleamed a little while  
Across the darkness of the storm.

I did not care to seek her name,  
I only said, "God bless thy life,  
Thy sweet young grace be still the same,  
Or happy maid or happy wife."

*Phillips Brooks.*

Is Hope a phantom? Holds the crystal cup  
Sweet madness only — an we drink it up?  
A respite ere the poor dumb soul is killed?  
— Then spoke one who had loved: "Hope is no  
lie,  
But real as answered love or unfulfilled;  
Yet were hope phantom-false, still would I cry:  
'Hail, thou Bright Poisoner! Let me drink and  
die!'"

*R. W. Gilder.*

You have a disagreeable duty to do at twelve  
o'clock. Do not blacken nine and ten and eleven,  
and all between, with the colour of twelve. Do  
the work of each, and reap your reward in peace.  
So when the dreaded moment in the future be-  
comes the present, you shall meet it walking in  
the light, and that light will overcome its dark-

## THE VALUE OF

ness. How often do men who have made up their minds what to say and do under certain expected circumstances, forget the words and reverse the actions! The best preparation is the present well seen to, the last duty done.

*George MacDonald.*



Hold up your head! You were not made for failure, you were made for victory: go forward with a joyful confidence in that result sooner or later, and the sooner or later depends mainly on yourself.

*Anne Gilchrist.*



Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.

*Mattie D. Babcock.*



When the mist is on the river, and the haze is on  
the hills,  
And the promise of the spring-time all the ample  
heaven fills;  
When the shy things in the wood-haunts and the  
hardy on the plains  
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through  
winter's sluggish veins;

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Then the summons of the morning like a bugle  
moves the blood,  
Then the soul of man grows larger, like a flower  
from the bud;  
For the hope of high Endeavour is a cordial half  
divine,  
And the banner cry of Onward calls the laggards  
into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars  
rain peace below,  
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing  
to know;  
While the night is hushed and holden and trans-  
pierced by dreamy song,  
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture  
of the strong.

*Richard Burton.*



I should like to know a man who just minded  
his duty and troubled himself about nothing;  
who did his own work and did not interfere with  
God's. How nobly he would work — working not  
for reward, but because it was the will of God!  
How happily he would receive his food and cloth-  
ing, receiving them as the gifts of God! What  
peace would be his! What a sober gaiety! How  
hearty and infectious his laughter! What a friend  
he would be! How sweet his sympathy! And his





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mind would be so clear he would understand everything. His eye being single, his whole body would be full of light. No fear of his ever doing a mean thing. He would die in a ditch rather. It is this fear of want that makes men do mean things.

*George MacDonald.*



When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by his facts, a little larger in deeds than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

*Holmes: "Elsie Venner."*



We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labours, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.

*Dean Farrar.*



It is of great assistance to our cheerfulness under the trials and difficulties of life to reflect that these experiences are testing the real quality of our inner life, and that we are showing how much genuine man or woman there is in us by

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the way we resist the temptation to moroseness, impatience or murmuring. A commander of a ship in a perilous storm feels the staying power of the conviction that he is at his post to conquer the storm and to bring his vessel safe to her port. Of course there is something objective and tangible about waging a contest with winds and waves. But that does not alter the real conditions of the problem. The contest that every one has to carry on with untoward circumstances, with disappointment in those whom we had trusted, in the failure of cherished plans, and sometimes with the suffering and death of those we love, appeals to the motives that inspire the commander to show himself adequate to the emergency. And strangely enough you seldom find a man who is carrying on a contest and asserting himself against a storm of wind or a storm of trouble who is unhappy. There is a deep joy in the strife. As long as you preserve the aggressive militant temper, you are not unhappy.

*Anon.*

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

*Holmes: "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."*

## THE VALUE OF

Groweth the morning from gray to gold;  
Up, my heart, and greet the sun!  
Yesterday's cares are a tale that is told,  
Yesterday's tasks are a work that is done.

Yesterday's failures are all forgot,  
Buried beneath the billows of sleep;  
Yesterday's burdens are as they were not,  
Lay them low in the soundless deep.

Share thy crust and ask no dole;  
Offer the cup thou wouldst never drain;  
Only he who saveth his soul  
Loseth all that he fain would gain.

Smile with him who has gained his desire;  
Smile the gladder if at thy cost.  
It was his to win and thine to aspire,  
It is his to-day that loved the most.

Pluck the flower that blooms at thy door;  
Cherish the love that the day may send:  
Cometh an hour when all thy store  
Vainly were offered for flower or friend.

Gratefully take what life offereth,  
Looking to Heaven nor seeking reward;  
So shalt thou find, come life, come death,  
Earth and the sky are in sweet accord.

*Louise Manning Hodgkins.*

## CHEERFULNESS

A true life must be genial and joyous. Tell me not, pale anchorite, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. These are fit offerings to Moloch, not to Our Father. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen, may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or is self-deceived. But not merely happier—he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirits, as well as firmer and truer. “I love God and little children,” says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely. And he who finds his religion adverse to, or a restraint upon, the truly innocent pleasures and gaieties of life, so that the latter do not interfere with and jar upon its sublimer objects—may well doubt whether he has indeed “learned of Jesus.”

*Horace Greeley.*



It is said that the fuchsia was introduced into England by a sailor boy, who brought it from a foreign clime as a present for his mother; she exposed it in her modest window, it became an attraction, and that plant pioneered all the fuchsias in the country. How little that sailor boy knew what he was doing! He did far more than he thought. He has gladdened thousands of eyes and hearts. If he could come back to-day and see his plant blooming on the window-sills of

## THE VALUE OF

the poor, in the gardens of the rich, in the conservatories of connoisseurs, how surprised and gladdened he would be! If he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what shall be said of him who makes a million plants bloom where only one bloomed before? So we perform nameless acts of kindness, forbearance and equity, we speak fugitive words of truthfulness and courtesy and these have a self-propagating power and go on reproducing themselves in endless harvests,

*W. L. Watkinson, D. D.*



If I should say of a garden, "It is a place fenced in," what idea would you have of its clusters of roses, and pyramids of honeysuckles, and beds of odorous flowers, and rows of blossoming shrubs and fruit-bearing trees? If I should say of a cathedral, "It is built of stone, cold stone," what idea would you have of its wonderful carvings, and its gorgeous openings for door and window, and its evanescent spire? Now, if you regard religion merely as self-denial, you stop at the fence and see nothing of the beauty of the garden; you think only of the stone, and not of the marvellous beauty into which it is fashioned.

*Anon.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Oh die not yet, great heart: but deign  
A little longer to endure  
This life of passionate fret and strain,  
Of slender hope and joy unsure.

Take Contemplation by the sleeve,  
And ask her, "Is it not worth while  
To teach my fellows not to grieve,—  
To lend them courage in a smile?"

"Is it so little to have made  
The timorous ashamed of fear,—  
The idle and the false afraid  
To front existence with a sneer?"

For those who live within your sway  
Know not a mortal fear, save one,—  
That some irreparable day  
They should awake and find you gone.

Live on, love on. Let reason swerve:  
But Instinct knows her own great lore,  
Like some unchartered planet's curve  
That sweeps your sight, then is no more.

Live on, love on, without a qualm,  
Child of immortal charity,  
In the great certitude and calm  
Of joy freeborn that shall not die.

*Bliss Carman.*

## THE VALUE OF

Just a cheery word or two  
As you pass along;  
Such an easy thing to do —  
Just a smile or song;  
You may comfort, soothe or rest  
Some poor, weary aching breast;  
Though the world forget it, dear,  
He'll remember, never fear.



Take a little dash of water cold,  
And a little leaven of prayer,  
And a little bit of morning gold  
Dissolved in morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,  
And a thought for kith and kin,  
And then, as your prime ingredient,  
A plenty of work thrown in.

Then spice it all with the essence of love,  
And a little whiff of play;  
Let a wise old book and a glance above  
Complete the well-made day.

*Amos R. Wells.*



If man could rule, his love of change would mar  
The purple dignity that wraps the hills;  
Pluck out from the blue sky some perfect star,  
And set it elsewhere, as his fancy will;

## CHEERFULNESS

Train the gnarled apple-tree more straightly up;  
Lift violet's head, so long and meekly bowed;  
With some new odour fill her purple cup,  
And gild the rosy fringes of a cloud.

For, mark! Last year I loved the violet best,  
And tied her tender colours in my hair;  
To-day I wear on my inconstant breast  
A crimson rose, and count her just as fair.

We are unfaithful. Only God is true  
To hold secure the landmarks of the past;  
To paint year after year the harebell blue  
And in the same sweet mold its shape to cast.

O steadfast Nature, let us learn of thee!  
Thou canst create a new flower at thy will,  
And yet, through all the years canst faithful be  
To the sweet pattern of a daffodil.

*May Riley Smith.*

Happiness is a small matter. It is a mere incident in life. It largely depends, as the word itself suggests, on what happens to a man in his course of duty or of service. It may affect his feelings hour by hour, but it is no measure of his character or real being. Joy, or blessedness, is, however, more of a matter than is happiness. Our fellow man may affect our happiness. God gives us joy. Blessedness is God's crowning gift.



## THE VALUE OF

By being near to God we can have joy and find blessedness, whether happiness be ours or not. Therefore let us pray God for joy and blessedness, regardless of whether happiness is, or is not, ours.

*Anon.*

One of the worst evils wrought by the sin of discouragement is that we are tempted to stop when we are just on the eve of realized success, and almost in sight of the richest blessings. Up near the summit of Mount Washington I once saw a cairn of stones to mark the spot where a poor girl perished from exposure and heart failure on a cold night. Her father and she had rashly attempted to ascend the mountain without a guide (it was years ago), and they had become lost, and sat down bewildered when the chilling darkness of the autumnal night came on. The next morning the distracted father discovered that a very short distance more would have brought them in sight of the lights of the "Tip-top" cabin!

*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

"It is easy to sit in the sunshine  
And talk to the man in the shade."  
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat  
And point out the places to wade.

## CHEERFULNESS

But once we pass into the shadows,  
We murmur and fret and frown,  
And our length from the bank we shout for a  
plank,  
Or throw up our hands and go down.

It is easy to sit in your carriage  
And counsel the man on foot;  
But get down and walk and you'll change your  
talk  
As you feel the peg in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler  
How best he can carry his pack;  
But no one can rate a burden's weight  
Until it has been on his back.

The up-curved mouth of pleasure  
Can preach of sorrow's worth;  
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip  
Was never made on earth.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*



In one of Schiller's poems a beautiful story is told to this effect. When God made the birds he gave them gorgeous plumage and sweet voices, but no wings. He laid wings on the ground and said, "Take these burdens and bear them." They struggled along with them, folding

## THE VALUE OF

them over their hearts. Presently the wings grew fast to their breasts, and spread themselves out, and then they found that what they had thought were burdens were changed to pinions.

*Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.*



Were there no God, I still would thank the Source,  
though all unknown,

Wherein are born the joys of men, the gifts I  
call my own.

The heart impels the tongue to speak since to my  
lot belong

A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily and a  
song.

The savage beast, the poison vine, the evil of the  
earth —

I know not if the good and bad were only one  
at birth;

But all the world seems gracious when I set  
against the wrong

A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily and a  
song.

*Nixon Waterman.*



Thrown off the harness of your daily lives, get  
from beneath the hammer that beats the life  
from out your souls. Go to the smiles of our

## CHEERFULNESS

great Mother Earth, and up from them look for the smile of our great Father — God — and the dull thud of your sluggish pulse will bound with new life; and you will see, not flower and sky, not beauty and summer, but the great Immanent Spirit of them all — Him in whom you, as they, live, move, and have your being.

*J. F. W. Ware.*

If I can live  
To make some pale face brighter, and to give  
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,  
Or e'en impart  
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,  
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend  
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend  
The right against a single envious strain, —  
My life, though bare  
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair  
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,  
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,  
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine;  
And 'twill be well  
If on that day of days the angels tell  
Of me, "She did her best for one of thine."

*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

## THE VALUE OF

One should take good care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life as laughter.

*Addison.*



It is a great art to know how to administer encouragement wisely. Perhaps the best you can do for any one who is in perplexity and difficulty is to manifest your faith in him. The secret of discouragement is self-distrust. The man thinks that he has done all he can, or fears that he will fail. The friend who shows that he believes in him sends him away with a new inspiration and confidence. It is a capital mistake to seek to encourage people by underrating their trials. You say to your friend: "Oh, that is nothing at all; you can do that easily enough," and you have made his burden heavier. The difficulty is a real one to him. You cannot help him until you take his point of view and see how hard the conditions are in his conception of them. Then you encourage him and you will do it by telling him that you understand the difficulty, but that you believe that he can conquer it. Then you have appealed to the man with the man. He knows that some one understands him, and the next time you meet him he will say by his glowing face: "I thank you! It was hard work, but I did it. I did it because you believed in me and that made me believe in myself."

*Ænon.*

## CHEERFULNESS

Spring-time finds me happy, summer makes me  
sing;

Fall-time is so glorious, I hear the joybells ring!

Winter — I jest love it, with fires blazin' free;

Every blessed season is packed with sweets fer  
me!

Great old world, I tell you; don't care what they  
say.

With the frosts of Winter, with the flowers of  
May,

Ain't it doin' splendid? Any one can see

Every cup is brimmin' with joy fer you an' me!

Great old world in darkness — great old world in  
day;

Reap its happy harvests, walk its happy way!

Lots more light than shadow — light a-falling  
free,

An' all the bloom an' beauty an' light fer you an'  
me!

*Frank L. Stanton.*

## YEARS, HURRY BY!

Calendars, I count you vain, —

Bastards of some Arab's brain!

You life's measure? Fie!

Toys of custom and of kings!

## THE VALUE OF

Do I grieve that Time has wings?  
Nay! my spirit laughs and sings,  
"Years, hurry by!"

Life, you've bless'd me, you have brought  
Gifts of home, friends, quiet thought,  
And a stormless sky.  
As you're hastening tow'rd the goal  
I'll not bribe you nor cajole,  
Nay! I shout with care-free soul:  
"Years, hurry by!"

"Oh, for childhood's village street  
Printed o'er with small bare feet,  
Stretching to the sky!"  
Nay, the rather wish for this:  
Roads the feet of labour kiss,  
Leading to the longer bliss!  
Years, hurry by!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*



God of the Dew,  
In gentlest ministry,  
As silently  
Would I some soul refresh anew.

God of the Sun,  
Far flaming heat and light,  
Be my delight  
On radiant errands swift to run.

## CHEERFULNESS

God of the Star,  
To its stern orbit true,  
My soul imbue  
With dread, lest I thine order mar.

God of the Sea,  
Majestic, vast, profound,  
Enlarge my bound —  
Broader and deeper let me be.

*Mattbie D. Babcock.*



There are souls in this world which have the  
gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it  
behind them when they go.

*Faber.*



Don't fret about the morrow,  
With its chance of coming sorrow,  
Or fear that cruel Fate your hope of happiness  
will blight.

Never get into a flurry,  
For it never pays to worry,  
Just  
Live one day at a time — and live that  
one  
day  
right.



## THE VALUE OF

The man who's always fretting  
Will find he isn't getting  
The good of life, which ought to be a season of  
delight.

So never trouble borrow,  
Or fuss about to-morrow —

Just

Live one day at a time — and live that  
one  
day  
right.

*Anon.*

A woman who does not carry a halo of good feeling and desire to make everybody contented about with her wherever she goes, — an atmosphere of grace, mercy, and peace, of at least six feet radius, which wraps every human being upon whom she voluntarily bestows her presence, and so flatters him with the comfortable thought that she is rather glad he is alive than otherwise, isn't worth the trouble of talking to, as a woman; she may do well enough to hold discussions with.

*Holmes.*

The youngest among us are preparing an Indian summer of peace or laying the foundation of an unhappy old age. It is a long look ahead, but it is inevitable; unless we mellow and soften

## CHEERFULNESS

and ripen with years, unless we deepen the channel of the spiritual nature, unless we exercise a noble self-control and live for pure, high, generous aims, there can be no Indian summer for the soul. The aftermath is gathered from all that is gone before.

*Christian Register.*

George Eliot somewhere says that when the conscience of the race is developed, we shall run as easily to prevent a man's or a woman's fall as we would to save a beautiful mantelpiece ornament in danger of coming to the ground and being dashed to pieces. That will be when the constraining love of Christ has had its way in the hearts of his people.

*London Christian.*

There is nothing better for a human being, sometimes, than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act on the directly opposite, and seem to think nothing better than a little hearty blame. They are mistaken, conscientious in their blame as they may be. There are sore burdens enough in life, bitterness and pain enough, hard work enough, and little enough for it, enough to depress a man and keep him humble — a keen enough sense of failure, succeed

## THE VALUE OF

as he may, and a word of hearty commendation now and then will lighten his load and brighten his heart and send him on with new hope and energy, and, if he has any reasonable amount of brains at all, will do him no harm.

*Preacher's Magazine.*



Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast  
No backward glances toward the past:  
And though somewhat be lost and gone,  
Yet do thou act as one new-born.

*Goethe.*



No miracle, but faithful daily bread  
Is happiness—whereon our hearts are fed  
From our own hand.  
A present goal, some glad, unhop'd surprise  
That folded 'neath a dark horizon lies  
In this near land!

A passing quiver born of morning light.  
The pain of yesterday, subdued to-night;  
A sudden smile!  
Rest after toil; a home on some dear breast—  
So old the joys and various the quest  
That men beguile.

*Martha Gilbert Dickinson.*

## CHEERFULNESS

The dear little wife at home, John,  
With ever so much to do,  
Stitches to set, and babies to pet,  
And so many thoughts of you;  
The beautiful household fairy  
Filling your heart with light;  
Whatever you meet to-day, John,  
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,  
You needn't be cross or curt;  
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,  
There are looks that wound and hurt.  
With the key in the latch at home, John,  
Drop the trouble out of sight;  
To the little wife who is waiting  
Go cheerily home to-night.

*Anon.*



There is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best. Were this truth more often emphasized, there would be more courage and energy infused into sad and desponding hearts. The compensation may seem shadowy and afar off, but it is not so. It attends every one who is conscientious, painstaking and resolute, and will never desert him, whatever may be the fate of his exertions in other respects.

*Great Thoughts.*

## THE VALUE OF

I have planted a Tree of Happiness  
In ground all wet with tears,  
I have prayed to God that his sunshine  
May fill the lonely years.

I have planted a tiny seed of Hope  
And then a seed of Trust.  
They grow in that sweet sunshine,  
And blossom, as they must.

I show my flowers to the sorrowing,  
To those who suffer pain;  
And my tree grows strong in sunshine,  
And pure and sweet in the rain.

*L. T. Mulligan.*



Those who would be happy must cease to seek happiness and ask only the privilege of giving. The song will rise in our hearts when we cease to live for ourselves and begin to live for the good that we can do.

*Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D.*



The best way to stop worrying over your own troubles, real and imaginary, is to look around you and find out how many people are worse off than you are—then, maybe, you will feel that things are not so bad with you as you thought. Constant dwelling on your own troubles

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tends to magnify them, and every time you retail your woes they seem more real to you. Stop this business of pitying yourself so much — this business of saying: "Ah, poor me!" Get out of your sackcloth and ashes, give yourself a good scrubbing to get the ashes off you, and burn up the sackcloth. Then put on your finest raiment and sail forth like Solomon in all his glory. If you can't find anything good in your own case, take an interest in some one else's, and thus get your mind off your own.

*New Thought.*



## PEACE

'Tis not in seeking,  
'Tis not in endless striving,  
Thy quest is found:  
Be still and listen,  
Be still and drink the quiet  
Of all around.

Not for thy crying,  
Not for thy loud beseeching,  
Will peace draw near:  
Rest with palms folded;  
Rest with thine eyelids fallen —  
Lo! peace is here.

*SIL.*

## THE VALUE OF

To-day  
Unsullied comes to thee, new born;  
To-morrow is not thine.  
The sun may cease to shine  
For thee ere earth shall greet its morn.  
Be earnest then in thought and deed,  
Nor fear approaching night;  
Calm comes with evening light,  
And hope and peace. Thy duty heed—  
To-day.

*John Ruskin.*

When you find yourself, as I dare say you sometimes do, overpowered as it were by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody or other.

*John Keble.*

The secret of happiness lies in the health of the whole mind and in giving each faculty due occupation. Every one can find use for their powers for good in that sphere into which their lot is cast. Instead of going out of our place to seek happiness, our skill should be to find it where we are. Then the disposition to be happy lies greatly in ourselves. It is sometimes an inherited gift, in some requires cultivation; but if it lies within us in the smallest degree, no matter what our

## CHEERFULNESS

condition in life, we are the envied ones. It sees in everything some ray of brightness. Pick flowers by the wayside.

*Anon.*



Some lives are so rich that their very crumbs make a feast for others. Would you not rather have a smile or a single word from some royal soul than a whole sermon from another? Grand characters little realize what potency of blessing flows from their slightest words and acts.

*Anon.*



If you'll sing a song as you go along,  
In the face of the real or the fancied wrong,  
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out,  
And show a heart that is brave and stout;  
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,  
You'll force the ever reluctant cheers  
That the world denies when a coward cries,  
To give to the man who bravely tries.  
And you'll win success with a little song —  
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,  
You'll see that the singing will make you strong.  
And the heavy load and the rugged road  
And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad  
Will soar with the note that you set afloat;



## THE VALUE OF

That the beam will change to a trifling mote;  
That the world is bad when you are sad,  
And bright and beautiful when glad.  
That all you need is a little song —  
If you sing the song as you trudge along!

*R. McClain Field.*



A spirit does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in an instinctive and marvellous way, whatever lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to them. Without it you can do no good thing. To the grief of it you can do many bad ones. In the possession of it is your peace and your power. . . . Therefore I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them.

*John Ruskin.*



"When I crossed the ocean in my boyhood to seek my fortune in America, all the English I knew was, 'I thank you, sir,'" said a gentleman who is now a highly prosperous and respected American citizen.

"That one sentence served me in good stead.

## CHEERFULNESS

The captain and crew of the vessel were Englishmen, and it was marvellous how my 'I thank you, sir,' won smiles and kindness from them. It was the same when I reached New York. When other words failed me I could always say, 'I thank you, sir.' It was my passport, and it opened many a door and many a heart to me."

*Anon.*

Stand in the sunshine sweet  
And treasure every ray,  
Nor seek with stubborn feet  
The darksome way.

Have courage! Keep good cheer!  
Our longest time is brief.  
To those who hold you dear  
Bring no more grief.

But cherish blisses small,  
Grateful for least delight  
That to your lot doth fall,  
However slight.

And lo! all hearts will bring  
Love, to make glad your days:  
Blessings untold will spring  
About your ways.

*Celia Thaxter.*

## THE VALUE OF

I'll not confer with Sorrow  
Till to-morrow;  
But Joy shall have her way  
This very day.

Ho, eglantine and cresses  
For her tresses!  
Let Care, the beggar, wait  
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will — but after  
Mirth and laughter;  
Then, folded hands on breast  
And endless rest.

*T. B. Aldrich.*



A thankful spirit turns all that touches it into  
happiness.

*William Law.*



Six little words lay claim to me each passing day:  
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.  
I Ought, — that is the law God on my heart has  
written,  
The mark for which my soul is with strong  
yearning smitten.  
I Must, — that is the bound set either side the  
way,  
By nature and the world, so that I shall not  
stray.

## CHEERFULNESS

I Can,— that measures out the power entrusted  
me

Of action, knowledge, art, skill, and dexterity.

I Will,— no higher crown on human head can  
rest:

'Tis freedom's signet seal upon the soul im-  
pressed.

I Dare is the device which on the seal you read,  
By freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.

I May among them all hovers uncertainly;

The moment must at last decide what it shall be.

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:

The six lay claim to me each hour of every day.

Teach me, O God! and then, then shall I know  
each day

That which I ought to do I must, can, will, dare,  
may.

*Wisdom of the Brahman.*



No one is living aright unless he so lives that  
whoever meets him goes away more confident  
and joyous for the contact.

*Lillian Whiting.*



To blame or praise men on account of the re-  
sult, is almost like praising or blaming figures  
on account of the sum total. Whatever is to  
happen, happens; whatever is to blow, blows.

## THE VALUE OF

The eternal serenity does not suffer from these  
north winds. Above revolutions, Truth and  
Justice reign, as the starry heavens above the  
tempest.

*Victor Hugo.*

Though snowy peaks may cap my day,  
I know somewhere that vines are twining;  
Though storms and lightnings 'round me play,  
Deep in my soul the sun is shining.

Though teardrops from mine eyelids start,  
I know the world bows not in sorrow;  
I would not have it weep — my heart  
May wake in gladness on the morrow.

O Love Divine, keep thou my land —  
My heritage of soul — enfold it;  
I know that when I reach my hand,  
A Father's hand is there to hold it!

*Anon.*

Only a word of sympathy spoken  
To hearts overburdened with care;  
Only the clasp of the hand as a token  
That we in their trouble would share;  
Only a pause to render assistance  
To those overcome by the way.  
These are the deeds that ennoble existence.  
And turn the world's darkness to day.

*Geo. D. Gelwicks.*

## CHEERFULNESS

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

*Longfellow.*



Make sure that, however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that, however slight they may be, you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them.

*Ruskin.*



O God, who alone canst transform the nature of man, change the ingenuity wherewith I invent worries into a skill at discovering joys! Make strong my memory for pleasure and weaken it for pain. Give me a genius for gratitude!

*Amos R. Wells.*



Fill the heart with gladness,  
Banish thought of wrong,  
Take the prose of sadness,  
Turn it into song:  
Dust may change to flowers,  
Clouds with glory shine,  
Smiles enchant the hours,  
Making life divine!

## THE VALUE OF

Faces dark and fretful  
Are unholy sight;  
Spirits made regretful  
Miss the mark of right:  
We are born for pleasure,  
In our duty's round;  
In each life is treasure  
By the faithful found!

All the earth is bringing  
Blessing to our feet,  
Burst then into singing,  
In the home and street;  
Laugh in love and gladness,  
Turn aside from fear;  
Be no friend to sadness,  
For sweet joy is here!

*William Brunton.*



Are the clouds hanging heavy and low, dear,  
Is it hard for the sun to shine through?  
Do the burdens of life seem too great, dear?  
And its sorrows meant only for you?

Then, put on a smile sweet and true, dear,  
And lift up your heart in prayer,  
And the burdens will vanish like mist, dear,  
And the sorrows seem easy to bear.

*R. L. W.*

## CHEERFULNESS

If God gave you gaiety and cheer of spirits, lift up the careworn by it. Wherever you go, shine and sing. In every household there is drudgery. In every household there is sorrow. If you come as a prince, with a cheerful, buoyant nature, in the name of God do not lay aside those royal robes of yours. Let humour bedew duty.

*Beecher.*



What a subtle kind of heartache we give others by simply not being at our best and highest, when they have to make allowances for us, when the dark side is uppermost in our minds, and we take their sunlight and courage away, by even our unspoken thoughts, our atmosphere of heaviness! Oh, to stand always and eternally for sunlight and life and cheer.

*Anon.*



Make the best of everything; think the best of everybody; hope the best of yourself; and do as I have done—persevere.

*Anon.*



I don't believe that harmless cheerfulness and good humour are thought greater sins in heaven than shirt-collars are.

*Dickens.*



## THE VALUE OF

If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault; for God made all men to be happy.

*Epictetus.*



There are times when the clouds roll thick and fast

And the sky is black with distress;  
But worry o'er trouble that's present or past  
Never made the trouble the less.  
There are times when everything's looking blue,  
And everything's all in a flurry,  
And nothing was ever made brighter for you  
When you punished yourself by worry.

We'll assume that the outlook's ripe with despair,  
And there's never a cheerful ray  
Of light to dispel the clouds everywhere,  
That deepen the sombre way;  
But, assuming all this, there's naught to gain  
By useless weeping and wailing;  
You'll bring neither sunshine nor cooling rain  
By storming, fretting, and railing.

There's a better way when your trials roll thick —  
When the world seems full of trouble —  
Than letting the dark cut in to the quick  
And making your trouble double;

## CHEERFULNESS

For trouble despises a smiling face  
And feeds on flurry and scurry —  
Just bury your griefs for a little space  
And look straight ahead — don't worry!

*Henry Edward Warner.*



The longer I live the more thoroughly I am  
convinced that I would rather be shut up in jail  
with a cheerful companion, than to make a sight-  
seeing tour of the world with the serious-minded  
person who, for fear he might appear to be  
lacking in dignity, refuses to see and to laugh at  
the funny side of things.

*Nixon Waterman.*



It's going on and up that's the fun of studying,  
not arriving at the place. Arriving is the end.

*W. M. Hunt.*



The habit of looking on the best side of every  
event is worth more than a thousand pounds a  
year.

*Samuel Johnson.*



I was walking along one winter's night, hurry-  
ing toward home, with my little maiden at my  
side. Said she, "Father, I am going to count  
the stars." "Very well," I said, "go on." By

## THE VALUE OF

and by I heard her counting: "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many." Ah, dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea that there were so many."

*Mark Guy Pearse.*



The sunniest skies are the fairest,  
The happiest hours are best;  
Of all life's high blessings the rarest  
Are fullest of comfort and rest.

Though Fate is our purpose denying,  
Let each bear his part like a man,  
Nor sadden the world with his sighing,—  
'Tis better to smile if we can.

Each heart has its burden of sorrow,  
Each soul has its shadow of doubt,  
'Tis sunshine we're yearning to borrow—  
True sunshine within and without.

Then let us wear faces of pleasure  
The world shall be happy to scan,  
And add to the wealth of its treasure,—  
'Tis better to smile if we can.

*Nixon Waterman.*

## CHEERFULNESS

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down;  
Creep home and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among;  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

*Charles Kingsley.*



Work — work — work! It is the iron plough-share that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying them all under, fair and foul together, making plain, dull-looking, arable land for our neighbours to peer at; until at night-time, down in the deep furrows, the angels come and sow.

*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

## THE VALUE OF

Only persevere; be true, firm and loving; not too anxious about immediate usefulness to others, — that can only be a result of justice to yourself.

*George Elliot.*



We often suffer ourselves to be put out of all our bearings by some misfortune, not of the most serious kind, which certainly looks very black at the time, but which from its nature cannot be lasting. We are thus like ignorant hens that insist upon going to roost in midday because there is a brief transitory eclipse of the sun.

*Arthur Helps.*



Feel all out of kilter, do you?

Nothing goes to suit you, quite?

Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,

Though the day is fair and bright?

Eyes affected — fail to notice

Beauty spread on every hand?

Hearing so impaired you're missing

Songs of promise, sweet and grand?

No, your case is not uncommon —

'Tis a popular distress;

Though 'tis not at all contagious,

Thousands have it, more or less:

## CHEERFULNESS

But it yields to simple treatment,  
And is easy, quite, to cure,  
If you follow my directions,  
Convalescence, quick, is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,  
Add a portion of content,  
And, with both, let glad endeavour,  
Mixed with earnestness, be blent:  
These, with care and skill compounded,  
Will produce a magic oil  
That is bound to cure, if taken  
With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy,  
If your hope is pale with doubt,  
Try this wondrous Oil of Promise,  
For 'twill drive the evil out.  
Who will mix it? Not the druggist  
From the bottles on his shelf;  
The ingredients required  
You must find within yourself.

*Nixon Waterman, in Success.*



Did you ever try the gospel of smiles? A smile is a sunbeam of the soul. It lights up the eye and transfigures the countenance. A frown is easier, but it gives no light. Open the soul-windows and let in the light, and keep those win-

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dows open; then let out that light in smiles.  
A smile can scatter gloom and silver-line a cloud.  
It costs little, but counts for much. Tears and  
smiles lie near together. Dry your tears and  
scatter your smiles.

*Anon.*



He is indeed a lucky man  
Who's satisfied with God's own plan  
And through the years of life's brief span  
Takes things as easy as he can.

If he's in Maine or Hindustan,  
In raiment fine or cardigan,  
He sifts the wheat from out the bran  
And takes things easy as he can.

*J. H. Milliken.*



One of the secrets of happiness is found in the  
habitual emphasis of pleasant things and the per-  
sistent casting aside of all malign elements. For  
men make their own world. We have read of a  
horticulturist who could not walk through a  
flower-garden and see a rosebush covered with  
blossoms without searching until he found at  
least one blighted leaf. There are men who can-  
not look upon a great picture without scrutiniz-  
ing every inch of the canvas for some light or

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shade to criticize, and afterward they recall only the blemish. But there never was a tree so beautiful that it did not have one broken bough. There never was a book so wise but that it had one untruth or falsehood. Even Helen's brow held one little blemish, and the scientists think that there is a spot on the sun.

What if a father should send his child into a garden, where every flower bloomed, to bring back roses and lilies and violets. And what if the boy overlooked all the sweet blossoms and peered around the roots until he found some weeds, wild grass and a toadstool. There are men who go forth in the morning and give all that is best in life and thought to their competitors in business. Returning home at night, they do not bring some incident that represents wit or heroism or justice or generosity; they return jaded, fretful, querulous, critical. They remember only the disagreeable things.

Passing a pasture but yesterday, one saw the horse with mane and tail a solid mass of cockleburs, collected in passing through the meadow, and, grasping the forelock, the farmer's boy's hand must have been pierced with a thousand blood pricks. Strange example of men, who go through the days to return home at night, laden with mental burs and moral thistles. They have used memory as a kind of bag in which they have collected sticks, toads, bugs and spiders



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that stand for human frailty and sin. What a misrepresentation of God's world! What skill in selecting malign elements! Surely an enemy hath wrought this injury and lent this black colour to the universe. This is God's world, and man is saved by hope.

*Dr. Hilla.*

Some skies may be gloomy,  
Some moments be sad,  
But everywhere, always,  
Some souls must be glad;  
For true is the saying  
Proclaimed by the seer —  
"Each day is the best day  
Of somebody's year!"

*Priscilla Leonard.*

If I knew you and you knew me —  
If both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart and mine,  
I'm sure that we would differ less  
And clasp our hands in friendliness:  
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree  
If I knew you and you knew me,

If I knew you and you knew me,  
As each one knows his own self, we

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Could look each other in the face  
And see therein a truer grace.  
Life has so many hidden woes,  
So many thorns for every rose;  
The "why" of things our hearts would see  
If I knew you and you knew me.

*Nixon Waterman.*



The day returns and brings us the petty round  
of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to  
play the man, help us to perform them with  
laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound  
with industry. Give us to go blithely on our  
business all this day, bring us to our resting beds  
weary and content and undishonoured, and  
grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



I have found already some of the "sweet uses"  
that belong only to what is called trouble, which  
is, after all, only a deepened gaze into life.

*George Elliot.*



A laugh is just like sunshine,  
It freshens all the day,  
It tips the peak of life with light  
And drives the clouds away;

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The soul grows glad that hears it  
And feels its courage strong;  
A laugh is just like sunshine,  
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,  
It lingers in the heart,  
And where its melody is heard,  
The ills of life depart;  
And happy thoughts come crowding  
Its joyful notes to greet;  
A laugh is just like music  
For making living sweet.

*anon.*



Lord, since I have not wealth's increase  
To make my diadem,  
Take thou the little gifts of peace  
And weave it out of them.

The little chirping praise of birds  
That wakes me day by day,  
The little laughing, friendly words  
That help me on my way,

The little tasks thou givest me  
In sun and breeze and shower,  
The little gifts of love I see  
Appointed hour by hour,

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The little self-denials dear  
In love and hope divine,  
The triumphs over faithless fear  
Known to no eyes but thine —

Weave them together, one by one,  
By thy dear touch made sweet,  
And daily, when the crown is done,  
I'll cast it at thy feet.

*Mabel Earle.*



"My dearest of mothers." I heard the words repeated in soft tones by my next-door neighbour at an island farmhouse where we were sojourning, "My dearest of mothers." My friend was a widow, and her son, an affectionate, talented fellow, was an engineer in Idaho. In one of his late letters he had said at the close, "And now, my dearest of mothers, good-bye." Did he guess, I wonder, how the little petting phrase would please the heart that loved him so? Did he think that she would say it over softly to herself as she sat alone in her room?

The home days were over. The babies, with their sweet ways, their joy-giving and their trouble-making, had grown to noisy boys, then to self-asserting men; they were out in the world making their way; brains busy, thoughts absorbed, hearts full; yet here was one who remem-

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bered the mother, still in middle life, loving and needing love the same as when her boys were her very own in the dear child's home. He wrote her long letters, describing his adventurous, changeable life; the strange companions by whom he was surrounded; the wondrous scenery of the wild Western world. It was all intensely enjoyed; but better than all were the love-phrases that showed the son's affectionate heart. I wonder if the "boys" know how dear they are to their mothers, and how a little attention, little gifts, tender words, flying visits, cheer and warm the hearts that have borne the test of years and sorrows.

Life is a little chilly to the mothers whose homes are things of the past. Even if they remain in the old home, the rooms seem very bare and silent after the children are gone. It is as if summer had flown, with its nests and bird-songs, and autumn winds were blowing. Then the love of the sons and daughters is like sunshine or warm fires to the hearts that sadly miss them. Let us hope there are many sons who write, "My dearest of mothers."

*Anon.*



Labour to know that heaven is thy own happiness. We may confess heaven to be the best condition, though we despair of enjoying it; and

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we may desire and seek it, if we see the attainment but probable; but we can never delightfully rejoice in it, till we are in some measure persuaded of our title to it. What comfort is it to a man that is naked, to see the rich attire of others? What delight is it for a man that hath not a house to put his head in, to see the sumptuous buildings of others?

*Richard Baxter.*

Dare to look up to God and say: Deal with me henceforth as thou wilt; I am of one mind with thee; I am thine. I reject nothing that seems good to thee; lead me whithersoever thou wilt. Clothe me in what dress thou wilt. Wilt thou have me govern, or live privately, or stay at home, or go into exile, or be a poor man, or a rich? For all these conditions I will be thy advocate among men.

*Epictetus.*

Home-life is the source of exquisite blessing. There is nothing more attractive, refining and uplifting than its simple joys and fireside pleasures. The world has pleasures gay and bright; but nothing exceeds the joy of home, the bliss of our own fireside. It is a place of gladness when burns the firelight bright. We cross its door-sill and enter its threshold to find the garden of para-

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dise. We cannot be indifferent to the sweet attractions, simple pleasures, pleasant conversation and sweet songs of its happy circle. None are more bright, more pure and none more like the love of highest heaven. It is more like heaven than any spot on earth. Some one has said: "It is a special creation of Christianity." There is no other spot on earth so dear. How men long for its quiet and repose! "I long to see home," feels the sailor lad, as he climbs the mast amid the storm on the ocean wave. "I am going home," says the business man, as he bars the doors and shuts the blinds after a day of vexatious cares. "Home!" shouts the school-boy when the day's studies are over. "I must hurry home," feels the fond mother as she passes along the crowded street, thinking of the little ones who need her watchful care.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near  
home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming and look brighter when we come.

*A. C. Welch.*



Some folks they keep huntin' for sorrow;  
They sigh if they're right or they're wrong;  
But this day's as good as to-morrow,  
So I jest keep a livin' along.

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I jest keep a-livin' along.  
I jest keep a-singin' a song;  
There's no use to sigh  
While the sun's in the sky,  
So I jest keep a-livin' along.

When the Lord made the world, was I in it  
To give him directions? He knowed  
I wouldn't know how to begin it,  
Bein' nothin' but dust by the road.

So I jest keep a-livin' along,  
And I can't say the Lord's work is wrong;  
I never will sigh  
While he's runnin' the sky;  
I jest keep a-livin' along.

I'm thankful for sun and for showers:  
The Lord makes the winter an' May;  
And he'd hide all the graves with his flowers  
If folks didn't weed 'em away!

So I jest keep a-livin' along,  
Still thankful for sunlight and song;  
I know when it's snowin',  
God's roses are growin',  
So I jest keep a-livin' along!

*Frank L. Stanton.*



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Affection is the only remedy for diseased souls and evil characters. How many souls have died in impenitence who would have been saints had they encountered in their path a soul who pitied them, who loved them and had simply told them so!

Into all our lives, in many simple, familiar, homely ways, God infuses the element of joy from the surprises of life, which unexpectedly brighten our days and fill our eyes with light—and it may be with a tear—as our heart is touched with the thought of his unlooked-for goodness.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

Now thank we all our God  
With heart and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom this world rejoices,  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way.  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

*Martin Rinkart (1586 - 1649).*

The women who are most loved are not by any means the most beautiful; but they have that indescribable something that, for lack of a better

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term, we call personal charm. Their natural and gracious manner, their thoughtfulness for others, the blended good sense and wit of their conversation and, above all, their mysterious power of sympathy, draw the hearts of friends to them as the moon attracts the waters. It is strange how you are often thoroughly disillusioned the moment a woman opens her mouth. You think to yourself as you notice the classic contour of face, what a charming personality she must be! But the lines about her mouth as she begins to speak, her choice of words, her hard and rasping tone, lead to an instant revision of the opinion. Again, have you not often found that a rather plain and unattractive face has been lit up in conversation with an inner light, that the liquid tones of a well-modulated voice have stolen into your heart, and that delicacy of insight has captured your imagination? Beauty of spirit has more than made up for the lack of physical attractiveness. And there are no accomplishments of music, art or languages that are quite so winsome as sanity, efficiency and sympathy.

*Anon.*



The opportunity of saintliness comes into our special way of life, whatever it may be. All the power which was in the spiritual heroes of the

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elder time, all the purity which was in the virgin saints, all the faith which was witnessed by the great army of martyrs and confessors—these all wait to be incarnated anew in the honesty of your work, in the stainlessness of your thought, in the courage of your truth, in the steadfastness of your trust, in the sweetness of your charity.

*Henry Wilder Foote.*



Do the duty which lies next to you.

Live in the sunlight and help others out of the shadows.

Have a great deal of hope in the heart and wear a radiant face.

Reach out a hand of helpfulness to the stumbling ones and speak a word of cheer to the discouraged.

*Anon.*



Nothing contributes more to the highest success than the formation of the habit of enjoying things. Whatever your calling in life may be, whatever misfortunes or hardships may come to you, make up your mind resolutely that, come what may, you will get the most possible real enjoyment out of every day; that you will increase your capacity for enjoying life by trying to find the sunny side

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of every experience of the day. Resolutely determine that you will see the humorous side of things. No matter how hard or unyielding your environment may seem to be, there is a sunny side if you can only see it. The mirth-provoking faculty, even under trying circumstances, is worth more to a young man or woman starting out in life than a fortune without it. Make up your mind that you will be an optimist, that there shall be nothing of the pessimist about you, that you will carry your own sunshine wherever you go.

There is longevity in the sunny soul that eases our jolts and makes our sides shake with laughter.

There is a wonderful medicinal effect in good cheer. Good news and glad tidings have a magic effect even upon invalids.

We often see a whole store or factory or home transformed by one sunny soul. On the other hand, we have seen them blighted and made dark by a gloomy, morose, fault-finding person.

*Anon.*



When thou seest misery in thy brother's face, let him see mercy in thy eye; the more the oil of mercy is poured on him by thy pity, the more oil in thy cruse shall be increased by thy pity. Take no pleasure in the death of a creature; if it be harmless or useful, destroy it not; if useless or harmful, destroy it mercifully. He that merci-

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fully made his creatures for thy sake, expects thy mercy upon them for his sake. Mercy turns her back to the unmerciful.

*Quarles.*

### A THANKSGIVING

I thank thee, Lord, for cloudy weather,  
We soon would tire of blue;  
I thank thee, Lord, for Pain, our brother,  
Whose rude care holds us true.

I thank thee for the weary morrow  
That makes the Past more sweet;  
I thank thee for our sister, Sorrow,  
Who leads us to thy feet.

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

Some earnest young Christians make a mistake in putting too light a value upon those graces of manner and little courtesies of speech and conduct that might commend their excellent qualities to others and give them the vantage-ground of personal influence. If a merchant has diamonds to sell he does not shut them up in a drawer nor display them in a rough box. He does not say: "Nothing can add to the value of a diamond and I will not condescend to any tricks to catch admiration or draw customers. If a man really wishes to buy, he will come to me."

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What he does is to put his jewels upon beds of satin, in cases of velvet, using every art to display their beauty. He knows very well that people who have never thought seriously of buying may be attracted by the beauty that catches the eye and arrests the attention.

Your Christian principles ought to be rendered so attractive by your personality that those who know you will associate goodness with graciousness.

Neatness and taste in dress, careful avoidance of all rude and disagreeable habits, conformity to the customs of good society—these are by no means trifles to be ignored by those who claim to belong to the highest court of honour. You do not properly represent your Sovereign unless you are not only a patriot but a gentleman.

The great majority of those with whom we come in contact must judge us by externals; and if we covet that most precious power of influence, we must see to it that we do not so repel them by the prickly outside that they will never care to go deeper. We are, indeed, to think upon the things that are true and pure, but not less upon those that are lovely and of good report.

*Emily Huntington Miller.*



Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and

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absurdities crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.

*Emerson.*

God bends out from the deep, and says:  
"I gave thee the great gift of life;  
Wast thou not called in many ways?  
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?  
I gave thee of my seed to sow;  
Bringest thou me my hundredfold?"  
Can I look up with face aglow,  
And answer: "Father, here is gold?"

*James Russell Lowell.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past,  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
sea.

*Holmes.*

Blessings on the man who smiles! Not the  
man who smiles for effect, nor the one who smiles

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when the world smiles, but the man whose smile is born of an inner radiance, the man who smiles when the clouds lower, when fortune frowns, when the tides are adverse, the sunshine of whose heart breaks forth in smiles. Such a man not only creates his own fair world, but he multiplies himself an hundredfold in the courage and strength and joy of other men.

*Rev. George L. Perin, D. D.*



## THE SEA OF FAITH

Have you lifted anchor and hoisted sail?  
Does your ship stand out to sea?  
Have you scoffed at peril and dared the gale  
Where the waves and the winds are free?

Is safety a thought that you count disgrace  
When duty or danger call?  
Would you stand on the deck with a smile on  
your face,  
And perish the first of all?

Is your old sail salt with the frozen foam,  
And gray as a sea-gull's wing?  
Do you never long for land and home  
When the great waves clutch and cling?



## THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS

O, the Sea of Faith hath storms, God knows;  
And the haven is very far,  
But he is my brother-in-blood who goes  
With his eye on the polar star,

With his hand on the canvas, his foot on the  
ropes,  
His heart beating loud in his breast,  
With deathless courage and quenchless hopes  
And the old divine unrest!

The swift keels chafe in the Harbour of Doubt;  
They were built for the glorious blue,  
Where the stout masts bend and the sailors shout,  
And the wave-drench'd compass is true!

Then here's my hand, O lad of my heart,  
O dauntless spirit and free!  
The tide is high! They strain, they start!  
The ships of the infinite sea!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

THE END.

